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AND

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"It is enough for one man to lay only one stone of so noble and grand an edifice; it is enough, more than enough for me, if I do so much as merely begin what others may more hopefully continue. One only among the sons of men has carried out a perfect work, and satisfied and exhausted

the mission on which He came. One alone has with His last breath said, *Consummatum est*. But all who set about their duties in faith and hope and love, with a resolute heart and a devoted will, are able, weak though they be, to do what, however incomplete, is imperishable. Even their failures become successes, as being necessary steps in a course, and as terms (so to say) in a long series, which will at length fulfil the object which they propose. And they will unite themselves in spirit, in their humble degree, with those real heroes of Holy Writ and ecclesiastical history, Moses, Elias and David, Basil, Athanasius and Chrysostom, Gregory the Seventh, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and many others, who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous, and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours."¹

It may seem strange that we should apply words of so much solemnity and eloquence to the subject indicated by the heading of this article. Dr. Newman has himself pointed out, in pages which follow closely on that from which we have been quoting, how true it is that, in a certain sense, an English Catholic literature can never be created. English literature has grown, like other national literatures, out of the life and mind of the English people during a long succession of generations. It has matured and perfected its vehicle in the language which is spoken over half the globe, and which seems likely, in future generations, to have a wider extension than any other human language. The classics of our literature, he tells us, have already been given to us, and we should be unreasonable, if we are to judge from the analogy of the languages even of the great teaching races of mankind, of Greece and Rome, in expecting any serious addition to the list of our great masters. English literature reflects all the characteristics of the people and the history of England—sound sense, imagination, conflict, energy, sobriety, and religiousness; but it has come into being mainly during three centuries of the life of the nation in which Protestantism has been dominant. Such as it is, such it must remain, at least in its classics and great writers—and in many respects it might be far more hostile in tone to Catholic truth and feeling than it is.

In truth, just as the philosophy, the poetry, the history of Greece and Rome witness each in its own way to the great religious truths which are the heritage of all the children of

¹ P. 267.

Adam, and to the cravings after light and peace and grace which are instinctive in human nature, and just as they are on this account, in skilful and devout hands, not only the inevitable, but the natural text-books on which literature and education have to be founded—so, in some sense, the literature of the English nation, with many disfigurements and excrescences as well as many deficiencies, represents very fairly the Catholic elements lingering in captivity, the ancestral traditions penetrating the artificial barriers of bigotry, the great general truths as to religion and humanity which can never be Protestantized, while they alone give its strength and stability to the system which holds them inconsistently and follows them out but partially. Literature must always have a large element that is of the earth, earthy; but in other respects, as Dr. Newman has himself shown, the literature of England is not far below the level of the literature of Catholic nations.

Our greatest poets rise above the narrow negations of Protestantism, and witness to the great truths of the moral law and divine justice with no unwavering faithfulness. They are not as Catholic as Dante; but even Dante cannot always be read without pain by a Catholic. The revolt of the Tudors against the Church did not at once drive all Catholic instincts and traditions out of the great minds who lived under Elizabeth and James the First. There has always been a rich vein of religious poetry in England; many of its earliest writers were children of the ancient faith, while others were more Catholic in heart than in position, and in our own time the most popular religious poet since Cowper has been the author of the *Christian Year* and the originator of a movement in the country the natural issue of which is a return to the Catholic Church. But we must check ourselves before we enter further on a consideration of the elements in English literature which may be considered as giving us some compensation for the Protestantism, or the naturalism, or the corruption, and other similarly evil characteristics, which undoubtedly reign in too many of our great authors. Poetry is perhaps the branch of the tree which has suffered the least from the atmosphere in which it has had to flourish. In philosophy, history, science, and, again, in the wide domain of fiction, which may be considered almost as falling under the head of poetry, there are undoubtedly many such compensations, and that is all that we mean to claim.

When we speak of the Idea of an English Catholic literature we do not, therefore, contemplate any impossible ambition of unmaking what has been made, and of rolling back the past. And, if English literature is no longer young, if the fresh teeming years of its youth and full manhood are past, we cannot expect, even under the most favourable circumstances as to a revival of the ancient faith, a new Shakspeare or Milton or Bacon or Wordsworth or Hooker, who might correct the deficiencies without falling short of the vigour or fertility of the old. Still, there is another and a very practical sense in which an English Catholic literature has to be formed, in which it may, in course of time, come into being, and in which it may be an advantage to have sat down once for all, and set before ourselves the main outlines of the work, which it will require many hands and many generations to accomplish. Small, weak, insignificant, unconscious, if you like, of the destinies to which God may call it and of the power for the good of the race with which it may please Him to inform it, the Catholic body in England cannot but know that, simply because it possesses the imperishable treasure of faith, it is the kernel around which all the healthy elements of the mass on every side must gather, if, in the dissolution of belief and consequent disintegration of society, the onward advance of which we daily witness, the nation is to be saved from moral and social destruction. The general revival and restoration of the ancient faith may or may not be in the counsels of Providence; if it is, it must be brought about by, or must bring with it, the development and organization in the Catholic body of all the forms of vigorous social life. If the educated classes in England were converted, we should have the literature which we want in two or three generations. We say this, not implying that some extraordinary or supernatural fertility would render that part of the productive mind of the nation whose fruit is literature prolific in any inconceivable measure. We mean that the intellectual activity of a Catholic nation as high cultivated as England would soon find its way to the filling up of gaps that stare us in the face, and of supplying the patent needs of education, controversy, the interpretation of the world, of human nature, of history, and of science, in accordance with the known principles of truth and of the government of God.

But the Catholics of England and of the English-speaking

races are obliged not to wait till every enemy comes over to their side. Even without such a wonderful victory of grace, we have to provide for ourselves and to defend our own position. Literature, in the sense in which we are speaking of it, is not merely an ornamental growth, but a necessity of life, if we are to hold our own in the battle raging around us. We feel the impress of the necessity in a thousand ways and on a thousand points. We are beginning to set our hand to the Higher Education of our young men of the upper and middle classes, and it may fairly be presumed that the endeavour will not issue in the resolution to educate Catholic minds upon anti-Catholic books. And yet, the moment that we think of so natural and elementary a resolution, we are met by the remembrance of the complaints which have been current among us for many years past as to the works on mental philosophy which at this moment give the tone to every public examination in England, and of the lamentable havoc among some of our most promising young men which has been the fruit of their use. In this matter every year, we had almost said every day, is of importance. If half a generation of our young men are lost to the Church by having their minds poisoned by a false philosophy, it is easy to see what the chances as to the faith of their children are likely to be. It is very easy to extend what has been said of mental philosophy to history, especially modern history, and, again, to the highly important department of physical science. Here are three branches of English literature, highly important in themselves, and having an additional importance on account of the part assigned to them in Higher Education, as to which a Catholic English literature has to be created, not merely to fill up a gap in our catalogues and on our shelves, but in order to enable our young men to be educated highly without danger of being educated anti-Christianly.

It may, of course, be said that in departments of literature such as those of which we have been speaking, it is natural, and even desirable, for English Catholics to have recourse to works in foreign languages, or in the language of the Church, at least for educational purposes. This is certainly true as far as our schools and colleges are concerned. We may use foreign metaphysicians, logicians, and even naturalists, as we use standard Latin works for the foundation of our education

in theology, ecclesiastical history, the interpretation of Scripture, and other kindred studies. We might be tempted here to say a word or two on the state of Catholic literature in general in these respects, which has suffered immensely from the many blows which have been dealt to learning and the advancement of serious critical labours by the troubles which have agitated Europe for a full century, and which have ended in a very general suppression of the religious orders under whose care such studies were most likely to flourish, in the dispersion of hundreds of libraries, and in other measures which have rendered it hard for the Church to attend to more than the most pressing and instant necessities of her work upon the world. There are at this moment heaps of materials out of which fresh illustrations of Scripture might be wrought, abundance of hitherto unused sources which might enable editors of the Fathers very greatly to improve upon the patient labours of the Benedictines of St. Maur; there are immense treasures of historical documents opened, and soon to be opened, to the student of the past, out of which the history of Europe and the world might in many cases be written anew. And there is also a rank wilderness of new results in almost every department of physical science, which may be said for the present to be in the occupation of the enemies of the Christian faith, and which has to be conquered and cultivated by the soldiers of the Church in order that it may teach mankind new reasons for glorifying the Creator and Ruler of all things, instead of scoffing at Him and denying His existence. The truth is, Catholic literature is behindhand, on account of the immense richness and variety of the materials lately laid open to its work; and this is not the fault of Catholic literature, but of the Bourbon Courts a century ago, the Jansenist influences in high places, the great French Revolution, Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third, Espartero, Cavour, Palmerston, Bismarck, Garibaldi and the "Italian kingdom," and a whole army of minor elements of disturbance and evil, down to the childish set of money-hunters who will in a year or two have sold off the libraries at Rome and the treasures of the Vatican itself, if the just judgment of God does not interfere to stop their pilfering. The nineteenth century will soon be in its last quarter, and unless that last quarter be of a different colour from those which have gone before it, the century will rank hereafter as

a century of disaster to Christian learning in many of its highest branches.

But this must be said by way of parenthesis. Returning to our more immediate subject, it is obvious to remark that our literature must not be merely for educational purposes, and that the existence of the large number of important, but most mischievous works in our language, in the departments of which we have spoken, is a plain call for Catholic antidotes which shall be something more than simple exposure of the fallacies of the un-Catholic works in question. These works are positive and even dogmatic in their character, and they require to be supplanted as well as refuted. That is, the domain of mental philosophy, of history, of science, especially in its more recent developments, has to be occupied by Catholic writers. The whole range of questions which relate to origin—the origin of the world, of mankind, of language, of civilization—occupies, as it has a right to occupy, a large place in the minds of the men of our generation. The subject is as important as any that can be imagined, and the Catholic student who enters upon it will have the advantage of finding a great deal to guide him in the encyclopædic works of the Titans of Christian literature in old times, while he will also find an abundance of new materials to be set in order, in accordance with ancient principles. We need hardly pause to say how true the same remark is with reference to mental philosophy, save that in this department there are few new discoveries to be put in their proper place and harmony. Is it too much to hope that our learned or religious bodies in England and Ireland may find some among their students to devote themselves to this great service to the Church?

If we pass to the attractive field of Scripture, and all the various branches of knowledge which seem to illustrate the written Word of God, we find ourselves in the presence of a set of facts which are at first sight more favourable than the phenomena of the existing literature of the mental and natural sciences. Scripture has always been highly venerated in England, and if the mere knowledge of the sacred text were enough to insure a condition pleasing to its Divine Author, we might hope that a large proportion of educated Englishmen and Englishwomen were in a state of grace. This could not be true if there were not a great abundance of Scriptural literature of various kinds in the English language. Much

of this literature is very good of its kind ; it falls off, as might be expected, in doctrine and in spiritual richness and unction —the mystical and ascetical treasures of the Word of God can hardly be supposed to have engaged the attention of writers outside the Church, if indeed there be not, as we hope there is not, something in the practical and material mind of the race which has no taste for such refined delights. Such a book as *Conybeare and Howson's Life of St. Paul* is a type of the modern English works upon Scripture—every detail of contemporary history brought in as an illustration, all that can be known about coins, and trees, and plants, about the ships in which St. Paul sailed, the cities he visited, the harbours to which he put in, the track of his ship in the storm, the depth of the water in the bay called after him at Malta, and the like, carefully collected, and the holy man himself in the Epistles, which form his monument and his portrait to all times, thrust down the reader's throat with the barest possible pittance of commentary or elucidation. We must not be angry with these authors for not giving us what they had no power to give, and we thankfully accept what they have actually done for the illustration of St. Paul's history ; but the importance of their omission is the measure of what yet remains to be done. Doubtless, as commentaries in the best sense of the word, there are some other English books which rank far higher than that of which we have been speaking ; we have a few good monographs, but the majority of English Biblical critics in the present generation are bitten with the disease of German scepticism. For great universal commentaries, nothing has as yet been done anywhere or in any language to equal or supplant the works of the Catholic commentators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and these would furnish any student of the present day with immense materials to work up, if he were to combine with them an acquaintance with the best—unhappily, too few—Catholic writers on Scripture in our own time.

But this paper is not intended to give anything like a general view of the field open to Catholic writers—a field the immensity of which might well appal the most courageous of enthusiasts, did he not remember the truths so beautifully expressed in that sentence of Dr. Newman's which we quoted at the outset of our remarks. It is clear that modern literature, at least, in its length and breadth, is not more than partially Christian, though

it is the child of the Christian centuries of Europe, and but very partially indeed Catholic, though it would never have come into existence or enjoy a tenth part of its resources but for the beneficent nurturing of the Catholic Church. It is clear also that no mind that is not illuminated by faith, no reason that does not acknowledge the ennobling and liberating guidance of revelation, can ever interpret to mankind, in their fulness and beauty and connection, the truths which are the subject-matter of literature, even those which are lower than the strictly theological order, the truths which concern man himself and nature and Providence, the world in which we live, the past which is the treasure-house of wisdom, the future which awaits us, the laws by which the universe, moral and physical, is governed, and whatever else there be in which the human mind and heart can find profit and delight, even in the natural order—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline."² Pride injures the intellect, vice hardens the heart. A literature, we do not say altogether without God, but without the full light of the faith, is sure to be defective and narrow in its results, and if it does not lead to positive evil, it at least leaves much good unthought of, it cannot soar to the higher beauties of God's works, it is liable to the canker of that frivolity and puerility which assail as of certainty those who have no taste for heavenly things. And a third thing also is clear—that any man or any band of men—for in these matters union and organization have never as yet been thought as important as the nature of the case renders them—any band of men who in our generation devote themselves to the creation of a Catholic literature in our language in that only sense of the word creation in which it is not an absurdity—may meet indeed but scanty encouragement from their immediate contemporaries, may even seem for a length of years to be labouring almost in vain as to influencing public opinion and chasing away from the minds of Englishmen the phantoms of prejudice which have haunted the air of our country for three centuries—but they will in the end have done a great work, a work not to be measured by its own dimensions only, any more than the dimension of the seed cast into the ground in spring is the measure of its value, but, on the contrary, a work for which

² Philipp. iv. 8.

those who come after will thank them, as if it had been the work of masters rather than of common craftsmen, of men of genius rather than of men of ordinary gifts, just for the reason that it has been done in the seed time—just because it has made a start and given an impulse, a work of hope under discouragement, requiring the confidence of the general who “did not despair of the Republic,” the parent, the harbinger, and the pattern of future achievements and future glories.

Those who understand the force of these truths, and may find themselves inclined to act upon them, whether in actual literary labours of their own or in the many ways in which it is possible to encourage such labours in others, will never quarrel with us for urging on Catholic writers to aim high, and not waste themselves upon the flimsy bubbles and toys with which the age in which we live is so fond of playing. Let us remember that, for reasonable beings, childishness, morally considered, is nearly as bad as intoxication. We might pay half our taxes easily if, as a nation, we would forswear beer, and contribute its value to the Exchequer, and we should find little difficulty in supporting a solid and serious Catholic literature if we would give up the perpetual suction of not very wholesome “sweets,” in the shape of “light” reading and sensational fiction. The minds that feed on babies’ food will be baby minds when the hairs of those who own them are grey, and there is no reason why Catholic writers should aim at rivalling others in the production of what is in itself absolutely worthless. A bad novel is a bad novel, even though the love making goes on between the devout Bridget and the patriotic Phelim, and though the villain of the story be an agent of Dublin Castle or a redshirted Garibaldian. Trash is trash, in whatever form it presents itself, and Catholic trash is the worst of all. There is an evil in the air against which we have to contend, besides falsehood, heresy, infidelity, and the ordinary antagonists of the truth. That evil is frivolity—the childish indolence of uneducated shallowness, which shrinks from serious thought, and resents it as an intolerable hardship when minds created for the eternal contemplation of the Living Truth, are invited to turn away for a moment from the dolls and sugarplums of the nursery.

The Bible and the recent Assyrian Discoveries.

THE rise, the progress, the grandeur, and fall of the Assyrian Empire, which meets us at the dawn of profane history, was no unfrequent theme with the annalists and seers of the elder Covenant. The forefathers of Abraham sprang from one common stock, and had dwelt under the same skies, with by far the greater portion of the races that peopled Assyria. For long ages the two races, who had so much in common, pursued a separate and independent course. It is only in the latter days of their history that they are brought into renewed contact, partly through necessities arising from intestine discord, from the rapacity of powerful neighbours; partly, too, on account of the position of the adopted home of the Hebrew tribes within the boundaries that the greed of the Assyrian conquerors had marked out for their empire, which, in the course of the eighth century before Christ stretched the sceptre of its power over the vast regions comprised between the confines of Hindustan and the Mediterranean sea-board; nay—if we may credit the indications afforded by some lately discovered remains—had obtained a footing in the Isle of Cyprus.

It is needless to trace here the features of a conflict which ended in the violent reunion of the kindred races, or rather, in the temporary absorption of Jewish nationality by the formidable power of the Assyro-Chaldæans. They have been recorded under His inspiration, Whose might and wisdom are mirrored to our gaze, not only in the well-ordered vicissitudes of nature, but in that providential action which shapes to His purposes the movements and destinies of the individual and of races alike, gently yet irresistibly guiding the course of events to one goal, to one grand end, the glorious manifestation of the Word made flesh, *per quem fecit et saecula*.

Waiving for the present the claim to our unquestioning belief belonging of right to these sacred annals, by the fact

of their divine authorship, it cannot be gainsaid that in their light only are we able to discern, through the dim vista of ages, the facts constituting the subject-matter of the opening chapter of the history of ancient Asia, of the origin and development of empire and civilization, overlaid as they have been by mythical accretions. On the other hand, as might be expected, the progress made by the earnest and conscientious scholars who have undertaken to decipher the arrow-headed inscriptions graven on the recently disinterred Assyrian monuments, has been fraught with results of the highest value to Biblical criticism and exegesis.

It would be foreign to our present purpose to give a detailed account of the recent discoveries made in the huge mounds lying mostly on the left bank of the Tigris, or to trace to their present comparatively advanced stage, the various phases of the endeavours made by French, German, and British archæologists to discover a key to the inscriptions which stamp the lately disinterred monuments of Assyrian art with the character of historical records. Neither can we spare room to recapitulate the curious corroborative evidence which, in many instances, has led to the verification of what else would have been regarded but as a shrewd conjecture. Suffice it to observe that though the results of the investigation of the recently discovered Assyrian records are in nowise complete, yet, if we consider that the comparatively short space of thirty years has barely elapsed since the decipherment of the trilingual inscriptions at Naksh-i-Rustan, and on the fragments at Behistun (or Bisutun), the progress that has been made is a matter for astonishment and congratulation. We refer such of our readers as may require more ample information on this point, to two papers contributed by an able philologist to the third volume of this periodical.¹ Our object for the present is to set forth the main points of agreement between the Scripture record and the traditions to which the Assyrian monuments have borne a hitherto silent witness.

The first problem which imperatively demands a solution from human consciousness, as soon as it is fully established in the possession of itself, is that of origin, the origin of external nature, of man, of his social condition. A cursory glance at the primæval monuments of any ancient race will fully justify this assertion. Their first start is an essay on cosmogony. A

¹ See MONTH, vol. iii., pp. 94—100, and 203—213.

state of chaotic disorganization, frequently personified as a principle antagonistic to order and life, giving place to a brighter period wherein a superior intelligence shapes and harmonizes the seething mass of confusion, are features common to all these solutions, and may be presented as a rough summary of the opening chapter of Genesis itself—yet with one saving clause. Moses, and Moses alone, at the very outset, exhausts the question of origin, and soars far above all his competitors, by proclaiming that “in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;” thus solving in a single sentence the irrepressible problem, by revealing to us Infinite Might and Wisdom “positing” the finite by Its own free, spontaneous act.

The details of the Assyrian cosmogony have not hitherto been discovered on any of the monuments lately brought to light. All we know on this point is gathered from a fragment of the Chaldaean history written in the time of Alexander the Great, by Berosus, a priest of the temple of Bel at Babylon. We need only observe that this account of the Chaldaean cosmogony is, in the main, borne out by the recent discoveries. It differs from the Mosaic account in that, omitting the first verse of Genesis, it associates primal chaos with the Demiourgos, or Creator, as a coefficient, coeternal principle.

The Babylonian cylinders² and the Ninevite slabs represent Bel, the father of gods and men, in deadly conflict with Um-Uruk (the mother of Uruk, or Erech? the necropolis of Chaldaea), or Belit-Tihavti, the goddess of chaos, the principle of destruction and death. Armed with his sword, the god confronts her amid her hideous surroundings of marine monsters, or is to be seen wrestling with her under the form of a rampant lioness, a significant illustration of the text of the Chaldaean annalist. We will only add that while inverting the order of the Mosaic record which represents man as the seal and masterpiece of creation, the Babylonian tradition is at one with the Hebrew law-giver,

² While speaking of these Assyrian records, we may observe that of these arrow-headed inscriptions, some are graven on tiles, or bricks, with a wedge-shaped (cuneiform) tool, specimens of which have been discovered in the mounds. The moist clay was then hardened by the action of fire, or the heat of the sun. In the palaces discovered on the site of Nineveh, alabaster slabs are found covered with inscriptions recording the exploits and magnificence of the founder. In addition to these remains, cylinders of agate, sienite, lapis lazuli, &c., have been found, bearing somewhat of a resemblance to a miniature garden roller. It is plausibly conjectured that they were used as seals. Besides cuneiform characters, they have graven upon them the representation of royal, priestly, and mythical personages.

in ascribing the origin of our race not to a mere fiat of creative Will, but to a direct and personal intervention of the Demiourgos, who according to both accounts, fashions the human frame of the dust of the earth.

No less striking coincidences present themselves in the Assyrian traditions concerning man's primitive abode and condition. The idea of an earthly Paradise, the home of peace and innocence, is an element in the religious belief of every race. The reminiscence of "Eden, the garden of God," kept its hold on the minds of the poets and seers of Israël, as the abode of joys departed, before whose gates the cherubim brandishing their flaming swords ever keep watch and ward, to guard it from the access of the guilty. The legends and traditions of the ancient races are but echoes of the Mosaic record, the jarred and broken notes of the same strain; yet do they bear witness that in the retrospect of universal humanity there lay in the background a Paradise of holy joys, inaccessible to guilt and defilement, teeming with objects ministering delight to the senses, while elevating the mind and soul; an Eden of pure uncloying pleasures, in the midst whereof stood the tree of undecaying vigour, of perennial life.

The cuneiform texts hitherto deciphered make no express mention of the primal state of innocence, or of the tree of life. We must not however omit to state that the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, in its report of the general yearly meeting for 1869, gives a summary of a most noteworthy discourse of Sir H. Rawlinson. The illustrious Assyriologist, referring to the bilingual tablets in the British Museum, is of opinion that they were copied in the seventh century before Christ from documents belonging to a period prior even to the migration of Abraham and his companions. The tablets were discovered in the collection, we might say library, of Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus?). It was but reasonable to expect that the contents would bear more or less on the subject-matter of the earlier chapters of Genesis. How far this expectation is warranted by the serious study Sir H. Rawlinson has made of them, is more than we can say at present, not having yet seen his promised publication of the results. But even then he felt justified in asserting that "Gan Eden" (the Garden of Eden) is a local designation of the province of Babylon.

Our readers will not fail to recollect that in 4 Kings xix. 12, and in the parallel passage of Isaias (xxxvii. 12), the Ninevite

conqueror, Sennacherib (Sancherib), mentions Eden as one of the scenes of his exploits. Sir Henry seems also to have identified, to his own satisfaction, the Gihon "that compasseth the whole land of Cush" with the Juha, or Jucha, a left branch of the Tigris, forming an angle which reaches almost to the foot of the Cossean (Cushite?) range; and the Phison with the right branch of Euphrates, called by the Assyrians the *Ugni*, *i.e.*, the shining stream. Whether or no it be reserved for him to settle the vexed question as to the locality of the earthly Paradise must remain undetermined as yet; but it may be taken as unquestionable that the Assyro-Chaldaeans form no exception to other primitive races: that they had traditions as to man's primal state and abode. Nor are there wanting indications to prove that they were in accord with the Scripture account which places the cradle of our race in the East.³

The cuneiform texts hitherto published are silent as to the tree of life, so that we are reduced to conjecture the real significance of the mysterious tree represented both on the Assyrian bassi-rilievi and the Babylonian cylinders, under a conventional hieratic type.

This tree is unquestionably one of the most sacred religious symbols; with it are imaged royal persons in the act of worship, to whom winged genii present its pine cone-shaped fruit; above it appears the winged disc, the cognizance of the Supreme God, or it may be seen crowned with the seven stars of the Ursæ Major, together with the sun and moon. It is worthy of note that on the Persian monuments of the Achaemenean and Sassanide dynasties, the conventional Babylonian type of the mystic tree is adopted, though it resembles no species to be met with in nature. It must be remembered withal that the Persians were most chary of borrowing Chaldaeo-Assyrian religious emblems, so that their having adopted the conventional type of the sacred tree in use among the subject race, as a symbol of that whence they distilled the beverage of immortal life, may fairly be considered as pointing to an identity between it and the tree of life of the Paradisiacal traditions.

To the south of Babylon, in Chaldaea proper, the palm is substituted for the Assyrian type. In the collection published by Layard, we find a cylinder bearing the impress of a tree

³ *Miggedem* (Genesis ii. 8), translated *a principio*—"from the beginning"—by the Vulgate, which is in this point at variance with the Septuagint and most modern commentators, who translate it "In the East," "Eastward."

whose branches extend horizontally, bearing two large fruits. At its foot sits Bel, from whose forehead projects a pair of bull's horns, facing Beltis (Belith); in the background appears a serpent. Like the Assyrian mystic tree, the palm tree of the Chaldaeans is guarded by genii, recalling the cherubim with their flaming swords, set by Jehovah as sentinels in front of (to the east of?) Eden, to bar the path to the tree of life.

We need not recall to our readers the frequent mention made of the cherubim in the Divine Scriptures. Standing on the Ark of the Covenant, their outstretched pinions form the mercy-seat of Him that "sitteth between the cherubim." Josephus⁴ is our warrant for saying that we cannot even conjecture the shape of those placed by Moses and subsequently by Solomon on the Ark. The composite animal forms described in the opening vision of Ezechiel find a parallel in the manifold religious insignia of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia, but still more in those of Hindustan. This, by the way, is a sufficient refutation of the opinion mentioned by Clement of Alexandria,⁵ which regarded them as an imitation of the Egyptian ritual; as we as have seen, the type is too wide-spread to favour this view. We may grant that visions, whether objective or subjective, take more or less their shape and colouring from the objects of the seer's daily experience; but we cannot enter into the question as to how far the forms of the "four living creatures"⁶ seen by the exiled prophet on the banks of the Chobar, may have been modified by what he had beheld of the colossal forms, set, as may be gathered from an inscription on the prism of Asshardon, at the door-posts, temples, and palaces, to guard the safety of kings, the sanctity of shrines. Neither will the question whether the Assyrian monstrosities be the prototypes of the prophetic symbol, be set at rest by the identity of one of the readings of their cuneiform designation, "Kirubi" with their Hebrew name. There is, doubtless, a striking resemblance in the forms of the respective types, and in the traditions they are intended to symbolize or recall. Both alike are collective emblems of the forces of nature culminating in its highest manifestation, that of intelligence, to wit, of nature in its most awful phenomena; but here we meet with a contrast no less striking. With the Assyrian, the image is a concrete representation of the Godhead viewed as the sum total of

⁴ *Antiquit.*, viii, 3, § 3. ⁵ *Stromata*, 5.
⁶ Ezech. i. *Chayyoth*, confer the *Qōdōs* of Revelation.

natural forces, with which He is confounded, while for the Hebrew, whose purer, because more primitive, tradition traced a broad and distinct line of demarcation between the creature and its Maker, it typified life in its highest power, intelligent yet created life, acknowledging and doing reverent homage to its Creator and Sovereign Lord. The priority of tradition may help to solve the question as to the priority of the respective symbolic forms.

Amongst other numerous parallelisms between the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Mosaic records, we may instance that in the extant fragments of Berosus, the ten antediluvian Patriarchs of Genesis have their counterpart in ten antediluvian Kings. True, the names recorded by Berosus have nothing to connect them with those of the Scripture series. According to Lenormant, a distinguished French Assyriologist, these are impersonations of the zodiacal signs, which apostate Israel was wont to worship during the period of Assyrian influence and ascendancy, together with the sun, the moon, and the "whole host of heaven." Yet would we suggest that the converse seems equally, if not more probable; not to mention other analogies, which are in our favour. The Romans gave to the planets the names of their gods. Biblical names too, were applied, by the Christian races of the middle-ages, to certain well-known constellations, *e.g.*, the Chariot of David to the Ursa Major.

A pregnant passage of Suidas in his Lexicon⁷ which lays down the distinction between the astronomical and the civil value of the *Sari* by which Berosus measures the duration of his mythic antediluvian dynasty, enables us, without a strain, to reduce his four hundred and thirty-two thousand years into somewhat closer conformity with the chronology of the original text and of the Vulgate version, than is that of the Septuagint. In its application to the purposes of civil life, the period used by Berosus, instead of three thousand six hundred years, dwindles down to two hundred and twenty-two lunar months, *i.e.*, about eighteen years and a half.

Passons au déluge. The discovery Mr. George Smith announced to the London Society of Biblical Archaeology, December 3, 1872, dispenses us from any need of referring to Berosus. The newly discovered account of the Flood forms but an episode in an epic poem covering twelve tablets, which has been at length recovered by piecing together the eighty

⁷ Tom. iii., p. 289.

fragments into which the three copies contained in the library of Assurbanipal had been broken. These copies were graven by order of this monarch, who flourished some seven centuries before our era, from originals kept at Erech, a university-town, so to speak, of Chaldea. Mr. Smith does not hesitate to refer this original to an age prior even to the time of Moses. His reasons are the number of variant readings, the frequent occurrence of archaisms in the shape of hieratic characters, and of numerous glosses, which, being incorporated in the text, seem to indicate that it was transcribed from a still earlier original. The poem is concerned with the life and adventures of an unknown hero, whose name is given in ideographic characters, (algebraic signs, and the Arabic numerals may serve as an instance of this kind of writing), to which Mr. Smith provisionally attaches the phonetic value of Iz-dubar. Like the Nimrod of Genesis x., his sway extends over the four cities of Babylon, Erech, Nipur, and Surripak. Nipur, which recalls the modern Niffer, is identified in the Talmud, under the name of Nopher, with the Calneh, or Chalanne of the Vulgate. Surripak may be Accad—the Kinzi Accad of the inscriptions? As rendered by Mr. Smith, the inscription introduces a certain Sisit (a conjectural approximation to Xisuthrus, the Noah of Berosus), who gives the hero a detailed account of the Flood.

His narrative, so far as it has been deciphered, agrees with the Mosaic record, in that the moral significance of this great catastrophe is acknowledged: in both it is presented as a visitation of divine justice. The Ninevite tablets are incomplete in the part relating to the dimensions of the Ark, yet enough remains to show that, as in the Divine Scriptures, the cubit is the adopted standard or unit of measurement.

The two narratives differ somewhat in the particulars of the caulking and launching of the Ark, while the lading and gathering in of the divers animal species are told pretty much alike by both. But in the poem, Sisit is an Assyrian monarch, accompanied by his guards; and further, the year of Noah's detention in the Ark dwindles down to somewhat less than a lunar month in the Chaldaean epic. Nizir, in the inscription, represents the Ararat of Genesis, whereon the Ark was stranded. Both describe the erection of an altar, the thankoffering made in acknowledgement of so exceptional a deliverance, and the subsequent covenant between God and man, containing a

promise never more to overwhelm the earth with the waters of the flood ; but here they part company, for while the Bible simply tells us that Noah lived three hundred and fifty years after the Flood and then died, Sisit is endowed with immortality.

But despite this general conformity in matters of detail and in the development and order of the narrative, there are fundamental differences which go to prove that the two traditions are not closely akin to each other. The Chaldaean poem smacks of the neighbourhood of the sea. It must have been written for a people bordering on the Persian Gulf and familiar with nautical terms. The name the Ark bears in the Assyrian record, the details of its caulking, launching, and the pilot who directs its course, may serve to illustrate our meaning. Moses, on the contrary, gives proof of his respect for ancient traditions, by excluding all terms foreign to the usages of an inland race. His Egyptian training could not have left him wholly ignorant of nautical matters, Genesis xlix. 13, is a sufficient confirmation of this view. But this is of slight moment when we consider the profound differences in the theology of the respective authors. In this respect, the Hebrew lawgiver rises far superior to the Chaldaean poet, who, if we adopt Mr. Smith's estimate, was prior to him in time. Instead of a multitude of gods debased to the level of fallen humanity, "crouching," as the legend hath it, "like whipped curs," Moses ever shows one only God, just, all-holy, all-wise, almighty, mindful of mercy in the midst of judgment, tenderly careful of the faithful remnant that had been steadfast in its obedience, the Supreme Ruler, Whose ears are ever open to the prayers of man, with whom He shares His Sovereignty over nature, whom He fashions after His own image and likeness. Whence could Moses have borrowed these pure and sublime conceptions, which present themselves to us at every page, as the unconstrained, unaffected expression of his every-day thoughts ? Could the Chaldaean poem have suggested to him his narrative ? Or has he merely consigned to his pages a purer tradition, the heirloom of the race of Abraham ? But in the former hypothesis he would have eliminated the metaphors and anthropomorphisms of which both texts furnish instances. He would have been more philosophical, and, consequently, nearly as dry and lifeless as the Jansenistic revisions of the Legends of the Saints, which, eschewing the supernatural and the miraculous as uncritical, brought down these types of Christian heroism to the level of

the vulgar herd. What, then, are these anthropomorphisms—mere poetic adornments, or a condescension to unspiritual minds? Rather are they evidences that the pen of the great lawgiver was guided by Him Who, in the midst of years, appeared on earth in the likeness of man, in order to teach the long-forgotten lessons of faith and love. They are preludes, so to speak, of the Incarnation.

In order to justify the foregoing observations to the reader, we append a few extracts from the lately published translation of the poem, premising, however, a few preliminary explanations. Iz-du-bar, the hero of the poem, after a long series of marvellous exploits, which won for him the hand of Ishtar, the Chaldaean Venus, or Queen of Beauty, falls ill, and quails at the thought of death—man's last great foe. He resolves to seek out Sisit, who had attained immortality, to learn from him how to ward off the dart of the destroyer. After a dream sent unto him by the gods, he sets out in a barque to seek Sisit, whom he finds at length, in a region near the mouth of the Euphrates. He ask of him the secret of immortality. The eleventh tablet opens with a speech of Iz-du-bar, who inquires of Sisit how he became immortal; the latter relates in answer the story of the Flood and of his own piety to the gods—

- 13. . . . their god, the great gods,⁸
- 14. . . . Anu,
- 15. . . . Bel,
- 16. . . . Ninip,
- 17. . . . lord of Hades,
- 18. Their will revealed in the midst of
- 20. Surripakite, son of Ubaratutu,
- 21. Make thee a great ship.
- 22. I will destroy the sinners and life. . . .
- 23. Cause to go in the seed of life, all of it, to preserve them,
- 24. The ship thou shalt make. . . .

Here follow its dimensions in cubits, but the numbers are defaced or illegible—

- 55. In its circuit fourteen measures . . . its sides.
- 56. Fourteen measures it measured . . . over it.
- 57. I placed its roof on it . . . I inclosed it.

We next come to the account of seven or eight trial trips to test the seaworthiness of the vessel—

- 59. Into the restless deep . . . for the . . . time,
- 60. Its planks the waters within it admitted.

⁸ The dots represent the parts where the text is defaced.

61. I saw breaks and holes . . . my hand placed,
62. Three measures of bitumen I poured over the outside.
63. Three measures of bitumen I poured over the inside.
64. Three measures, the men bearing its baskets took . . . they fixed an altar.
66. Two measures the altar. . . . Pazziru the Pilot.

After the mutilated detail of what appears to be a sacrifice, we come to the final preparations.

73. . . . and Shamas . . . the material of the ship completed.
75. Reeds I spread above and below.
77. All I possessed I collected it, all I possessed of silver.
79. All I possessed I collected of the seed of life, the whole
80. I caused to go up into the ship, all my male and female servants.
81. The beasts of the field, the sons of the army, all of them I caused to go up.
82. A flood Shamas made, and
83. He spake in the night, "I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily."
84. Enter to the midst of the ship and shut thy door.
90. To guide the ship to Burzursadirabi the pilot,
91. The palace I gave to his hand.
92. The raging of a storm in the morning
93. Arose, from the horizon of heaven extending and wide.
94. Vul in the midst of it thundered, and
95. Nebo and Saru went in front.
96. The throne-bearers went over mountains and plains.
97. The destroyer, Nergal overturned,
98. Ninip went in front, and cast down;
99. The spirits carried destruction;
100. In their glory they swept the earth
101. Of Vul the flood rose to heaven.
102. The bright earth to a waste was turned.
103. The face of the earth, like . . . it swept.
104. It destroyed all life from the face of the earth.
106. Brother saw not his brother; it spared not the people in heaven.
107. The gods feared the tempest and
108. Sought refuge; they ascended to the heaven of Anu.
109. The gods, like dogs, with tails hidden, crouched down.

Ishtar is now introduced pleading for mercy.

112. The world to sin is turned, and
113. Then I, in the presence of the gods, foretold evil.
115. To evil were all my people devoted, and I prophesied
116. Thus—"I have begotten man, and let him not,
117. Like the sons of the fishes, fill the sea."
118. The gods, concerning the spirits, were weeping with her.
119. The gods in seats, seated in lamentation;
120. Covered with their lips for the coming evil.
121. Six days and six nights
122. Passed, the wind, tempest, and storm o'erwhelmed,

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123. The seventh day in its course, was calmed the storm, and all the tempest,
124. Which had destroyed like an earthquake,
125. Quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and tempest ended.
126. I was carried through the sea. The evil doer,
127. And the whole of mankind who turned to sin,
128. Like reeds their corpses floated.
134. To the country of Nizir went the ship.
135. The mountain of Nizir stopped the ship, and to pass over it it was not able.

After staying six days on this mountain, on the seventh day the narrator proceeds—

140. I sent forth a dove, and it left ; the dove went and sought
141. A resting-place ; it found not, and it returned.

The same is next told of a swallow. And then he continues—

144. I sent forth a raven, and it left.
145. The raven went, and the corpses in the water it saw.
146. It ate, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return.
147. I sent the animals forth to the four winds. I poured forth a libation.
148. I built an altar on the peak of the mountain,
149. By seven herbs I cut,
150. At the bottom of them I placed reeds, pines, and simgar.
151. The gods like Sumbe over the sacrifice gathered.

The next verses describe the wrath of Bel at the sight of the ark or ship which had saved a remnant of the guilty race.

164. Ninip (or Adar) then opened his mouth and said to the warrior Bel—
165. “Who then shall be saved?” Hea the words understood.
166. And Hea knew all things.
167. Hea his mouth opened and spake, and said to the warrior Bel—
168. “Thou prince of gods, warrior ;
169. When thou art angry, a tempest thou makest ;
170. The doer of sin did his sin, the doer of evil his evil.
172. Instead of thee making a tempest, may lions increase and men be reduced.
173. Instead of thee making a tempest, may leopards increase and men be reduced.
174. Instead . . . tempest, may famine happen and the land be destroyed.
175. Instead . . . tempest, may pestilence increase and men be destroyed.”
178. When his judgment was accomplished, Bel went up to the midst of the ship.
179. He took my hand and brought me out ; me
180. He brought out ; he caused to bring my wife to my side.
181. He purified the country ; he established a covenant, and took the people
182. In the presence of Sisit and the people.

The rest of the poem describes the translation of Sisit and his wife, who are carried away to be like the gods, and settled near the mouth of the rivers (the Euphrates?). The remaining lines do not concern the Flood, so we will here close the series of our extracts, and pass on to the ethnographical table contained in Genesis x.

The tenth chapter of Genesis, which describes the distribution of the primitive races over the surface of the globe, has long been the *crux* of commentators, on account of the impossibility of identifying the Hebrew names with those known from other primitive sources. The discoveries of modern archæologists, both in Egypt and still more recently in Assyria, have however done good service here, not only by more fully establishing what had hitherto been deemed certain, but by rectifying several mistakes and shedding light on many a doubtful point.

Among the sons of Japheth, we meet with Thubal and Meschek (the Muschuk of the Samaritan; Alexandrian and Vulgate, Mosoch). The two names are to be found coupled together in the Assyrian inscriptions, as is invariably the case in the Bible,⁹ just as Herodotus (*Μόσχοι καὶ Τιβαρνίοι*)¹⁰ joins together these two neighbouring tribes. The Tibareni or *Tabali* of the cylinder of Assharddon, and of the obelisk of Salmanassar, inhabited the region between the Black Sea and the Caspian, corresponding, or nearly so, with what is nowadays known as Georgia. The Meschekites, or Muski of the Khorsabad inscriptions, were their neighbours, and like them, passed under the yoke of Assyrian conquest. It may be interesting to know that more than one ethnologist has conjectured that they are the parent race of the modern Muscovites.

Canaan¹¹ is numbered among the sons of Cham. It is worthy of note that this name of such frequent occurrence in the divine records, never once appears on the Assyrian monuments, though they often make mention of the country of which it is the scriptural designation, under the name of *Mat Aharri*, "the hindermost," *i.e.* the western land, an idiom frequently to be met with in the cognate Hebrew dialect, which, both in the Pentateuch and in the later prophets, designates the western or Mediterranean Sea, as "the hindermost sea," and employs the word *ahor* indifferently, to mean the hinder part or direction and the west. The reason of this is that the Assyrians and Hebrews,

⁹ Gen. x. 2; Ezech. xxvii. 13, xxxii. 26, *et passim.*

¹¹ Gen. x. 6.

¹⁰ iii. 94, vii. 78.

together with the Hindus, Mongols, and the Celtic races, were wont in fixing the cardinal points to face the rising sun. This ignorance of the name of Canaan on the part of the Assyrians, may be taken to indicate that the ethnographical list of Genesis x. is in nowise copied from Assyrian documents.

From Cush, the son of Cham, Nimrod (the *Nis̄p̄w̄d* of the Seventy), the founder of an empire in Shinar or Babylonia, derives his descent. If his name, like his descent, be Cushite, its connection with the Hebrew *marad*, "to rebel," must be deemed to rest on a false etymology. The memory of this "mighty hunter," or conqueror, as the term may also imply, seems to have left its traces on the Egyptian monuments. The progress hitherto made in the decipherment of the Assyrian inscriptions, does not enable us to be sure that this name has been met with. Yet it may be taken as unquestionable that the two main points of his history, as recorded by Moses, are borne out by the recent discoveries. The race of Cham was the first who lorded it over the earth after the Flood, the nucleus of their empire was Babylon, whence it developed in a northerly direction.

M. F. Lenormant, the already cited French Assyriologist, may be appealed to in confirmation of the foregoing statement. In his *Manuel d'Histoire*,¹² he asserts that it is admitted on all hands that the banks of the Tigris, Southern Persia, and even a part of Hindustan, were inhabited by a Cushite race before being occupied by tribes of Shemite or Aryan race. Of the three great families into which mankind was divided after the Flood, the Chamites were the first to migrate from the common centre and to found empires. They also made rapid strides in the path of material progress. Yet, as if in fulfilment of the curse of Noah, they became the prey of the two other races, who conquered them and became masters of the countries they occupied. It is Africa only, and especially in Egypt, that this ill-starred race maintained its autonomy, and even here, they were fated in the course of ages to pass under the yoke of foreign conquest. If, in certain countries, this race still exists without having merged into the surrounding population, for centuries past it has ceased to have a national life or to form an independent State. As we heretofore observed, the Chamites were far ahead of other races in the arts of life, in material civilization, but that is all that can be said in their favour.

¹² Tome i., p. 99.

They were grossly depraved. Their religion, unable to shake off the fetters of an abject materialism, was made up of obscene and hideous myths, and expressed by symbols of the most abominable indecency. Their conquest by the Japhetian and Shemite races served to establish a higher and more refined civilization, a purer morality, and even amid the deplorable aberrations of idolatry, to introduce a more spiritual conception of religion. Thus far M. Lenormant.

As may be seen then, Babylon was the cradle of Assyrian civilization and empire ; one and the same type of religion, the same language, the same writing, the same traditions, meet us on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. The very preference given by the Ninevites to clay as a material for building, on a soil abounding in quarries, and despite the skill in sculpture, of which the colossal bulls afford ocular proof to this day, is taken by competent judges as a further indication of the origin of their traditions and civilization. In Babylonia, the exclusive use of clay was a matter of sheer necessity. As a consequence of this servile adhesion to southern usages, we find that the architectural remains of Northern Assyria reproduce both in plan and ornaments the Chaldaean type. Thus the conclusion is obvious, as we read in Genesis, Assyrian civilization was cradled in Chaldaea.

From the brief narrative of the sacred historian, it may be gathered that it was but gradually that the preponderance passed from Babylon to Nineveh, for in numbering the cities founded by Nimrod he mentions Resen,¹³ saying, "This was a great city," a passage which of itself gives the *coup de grace* to those German critics who assert that this part of Genesis was drawn up in the time of the Kings of Judah. Resen had preceded Nineveh and Calah as capital of the Assyrian Empire ; its glories had departed long before the dawn of history. Hence M. Oppert,¹⁴ another French Assyriologist of note, rightly infers that this passage of Genesis must have been penned before the rise of the first Chaldaean Empire, at the close of the twenty-first century B.C., long ere Nineveh attained its splendour.

The name of this city, the last of the foundations of Nimrod mentioned in sacred history, does not occur in the Assyrian inscriptions, nor has its site been identified with any approach to certainty ; all we know is, that as the Bible tells us, "it was between Nineveh and Calah." We learn from the same inspired source¹⁵ that the Empire of Nimrod comprised at its beginning,

¹³ x. 12.

¹⁴ *Expedition on Mesopotamie*, t. ii., p. 83.

¹⁵ Gen. x. 10.

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"Babylon (Babel), and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shin'ar," names of not unfrequent occurrence in the recently discovered inscriptions, but as they are mostly indicated by ideographic signs, their satisfactory identification has been attended with no slight labour.

To begin with Shin'ar (the Senaar of the Vulgate), the region containing the four cities just mentioned, it has not yet been met with under phonetic signs, hence it is impossible to say how it was pronounced by those who inhabited it. An ingenious conjecture as to the signification of the name has been made by M. Oppert, who assigns to it the meaning of "two rivers," or "the land between two rivers," Mesopotamia. Another hypothesis attributes to it the signification of "the two cities," an etymology which has at least the advantage of account for the unpronounceable guttural *Ayin* which we mark by a sign over the final *a*. It is not without some plausibility that certain savants, among them the M. Lenormant already mentioned, have discovered Shin'ar in the Sumir of the Assyrian inscriptions; a theory grounded on the frequent substitution of *ng* for *m*, which is proved to be not unfrequent in some of the primitive dialects of Chaldæa. It derives a certain confirmation from a passage wherein Gregory Abu'l-farage, the celebrated historian, identifies Senaar with Samarrah. Ammianus Marcellinus,¹⁶ too, mentions the town of Sumeri in the neighbourhood of Ctesiphon. To this we may add that the Syrian name for the country round Baghdad is Shen'or. Another view we may just mention is that Senaar was the name by which Abraham and his following knew the lower region of Mesopotamia, where they had so long dwelt, and that it ceased practically to be a geographical title shortly after the time of Moses. The name occurs but once in the prophecies of Isaiah and Zacharias as an archaism.

The four cities mentioned in Genesis x. 10, have thus abundantly exercised the ingenuity of commentators, nor are the recent discoveries to be looked to for a satisfactory solution, as they nowhere present the names in question in phonetic characters. To give in detail the various conjectures (for they are nothing more) which have found favour with critics both ancient and modern, would be a bootless parade of second-hand erudition. Suffice it to say that Erech, the Arach of the Vulgate, the 'Orech of the Alexandrian version, is held by

¹⁶ xxv. 6.

competent authorities to be the ancient Orchoe, the Warka of modern times, standing on the left bank of the Euphrates, south-east of Babylon. For more than two thousand five hundred years this town with its environs was the necropolis of Chaldæa, and is surpassed by no other place in the enormous accumulation of human remains to be found in its soil.

The name of Accad, which was entirely unknown to the writers of classical antiquity, is of frequent occurrence on the inscriptions, where it serves to designate either a town, a country, or a people. The most probable of the several conjectures as to the site of this town is that which identifies it with Niffar, the ancient Nipur, situate between Erech and Babylon to the south-east of the latter.

Calneh, the Calno of Isaías x. 9, is by an ancient Chaldæan tradition, followed by St. Jerome and St. Ephrem amongst others, held to have stood on the site of Ctesiphon on the eastern bank of the Tigris, opposite Seleucia. It may further be observed that Chalonitis was the Greek name of the territory wherein the former city stood. The modern discoveries have failed hitherto to throw the least light on the question.

In the following verse,¹⁷ we are told of the northward migration of Nimrod into Asshur, or Assyria. The first city he founded in this region was Niniveh, "Ninua," in the local dialect, an abode, from the same stem-word as "nivit," a city.

The fortunes and the glory of this ancient city are frequently mentioned in the Divine Scriptures, but its remains on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite Mossoul, contain nothing prior to the time of Sennacherib, nor would aught be known of the dynasties which preceded him, were it not that the excavations at Kalah-Sherghat, Nimroud, and Khorsabad had revealed their existence.

Calah, or Calach, is now identified with Nimroud where recent excavations have brought to light nearly all that is known of Assyrian history before the reign of Sargon (B.C. 721—706), together with the statue of Sardanapalus the Third, the only one yet discovered that represents a human person.

After the brief episode of Nimrod, Moses, resuming his genealogical table, numbers the descendants of Canaan, many of whose names appear on the Assyrian monuments. His second son Heth, or Cheth, is the father of the "Bene-Cheth," or Hittites, the *Chatti* of the Assyrian inscriptions, a collective

¹⁷ Gen. x. 11.

name for the inhabitants of Syria, and oft-times, too, for those of the land of Canaan. It may be observed that on the Egyptian monuments *Chat* is said to stand for Palestine. However restricted its extension in the early parts of the Bible, in Joshua, "all the land of the Hittites" is an equivalent for the whole Land of Promise, while in the later historical books, "the Kings of the Hittites" are placed in apposition with the Kings of Aram, or Syria. This may reasonably be taken as indicating that the ethnographical table of Moses was drawn up long ere the "sons of Heth" had attained that preponderance which enabled them to give their name to the neighbouring tribes, even as the Franks gave theirs to France, and the hordes of Angles have left a memorial of their raids in the name of this country.

We will conclude the series of these points of agreement between the data of Genesis x. and the Assyrian records, with a curious observation of M. Oppert on the name of the Shemite, Peleg, or Phaleg. The inspired annalist,¹⁸ in allusion to his name, which signifies "part, division," observes that "in his days the earth was divided." Now *palga* stands for canal in the Chaldean inscription of Nabuchodonosor. Certain commentators have suggested the substitution of the "land was canalized" for the received rendering. Thus much can be said in favour of this novel translation, it obviates the difficulty occasioned by so tardy a dispersion of the posterity of Noah, a difficulty which, as is well known, has hitherto been met by restricting this notice to a division between the two branches of the race of Eber, of whom the younger migrated to South Arabia (Joktanids), while the elder stayed in Mesopotamia. *Peleg*, is is true, is scarce to be met with save in the poetical portions of the Divine Scriptures, where it means "a stream," "a watercourse," still it is conceivable that at an earlier period previous to the first translation of the original it may have signified "canal." The name is Mesopotamian, and the undertaking to provide canals for the overflow of the Euphrates was surely of sufficient importance to have given a name to a descendant of Shem, and to have called for a passing notice from the inspired penman of the original records of the human race.

J. M'S.

¹⁸ Gen. x. 25.

A Glimpse into the Basque Country.

IN the old division of France there was a little canton or province of the French Basque country named Labourd, which was situated at the foot of the western extremity of the Pyrenees. It had its own manners and customs, even its own dialect, which separated it, so to speak, from its sister provinces of Basse Navarre and Soule, while it possessed, in common with them and the Spanish Basque provinces, particular privileges or *fueros*, to which its inhabitants were greatly attached, and which had been confirmed by many of the Kings of France.

It is to this remote old province, which now forms a part of the Département des Basses Pyrénées, that we ask our readers to accompany us ; those at least who, weary of the tumult and luxury of crowded and fashionable watering-places, may find it refreshing to visit a spot so out of the world, so peaceful, and so primitive as the secluded Basque village of Cambo. For we propose to linger there for awhile, in the enjoyment of its restful calm, quietly exploring its immediate neighbourhood, not attempting to climb the wild mountain paths, or to penetrate the dark forests of the Escaldan-Herri, as the Basque country is called in its native tongue. Neither shall we enter into learned discussions as to the origin of this interesting and mysterious people, which is still something of a problem to *savants* themselves ; suffice it to say that the Basques pride themselves greatly on the antiquity of their race, and one of their historians has endeavoured to prove that the language is as old as the world, the primitive language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise. True it is that it has nothing in common with any other European language ; the Sanscrit is the only idiom to which it has any likeness, and that exists only in a few words. Although, alas ! rapidly losing their nationality, both country and people still retain a sort of character apart, which gives them a peculiar charm. The exquisite verdure, and beautiful

intermingling of wood and heather land, often remind one of English park scenery ; the dazzling white houses, with their bright green shutters, and the flowering creepers on the trim clean cottages, contrast strikingly with the dull grey tones of most French villages ; and the manly and vigorous *péasants*, patriarchal and moral in their habits, simple and unsophisticated in their manners, so courteous that they never pass a stranger without saluting him with a friendly "good morrow," make one feel that, although somewhat behindhand in civilization, they are still in a great measure unspoilt by contact with the busy world without.

Upper or Haut Cambo, which is neither town or village, consists chiefly of an irregular row of houses, pleasantly situated on an elevated plateau on the left bank of the river Nive. At one end stands the church ; there is a very fair hotel, the post office, two chocolate manufactories—for Cambo is famous for its chocolate—and two or three small and unpretending shops. Most of these houses afford tolerable accommodation for strangers during the summer months. Each has in front its own little terrace, arched over with sycamore trees, and overhanging the river, across which they look down on Lower or Bas Cambo, a poor and unimportant village, lying in the plain on the opposite side of the Nive. A steep and rugged path leads down to a wooden bridge which connects the two. The highroad from Bayonne, which passes at the back, and along each side of which are rising up larger houses and villas, built without regard to any style or rule of architecture, descends by a steep and thickly wooded hill to the *établissement des bains*, with its broad shady alleys by the river side, its tiny chapel with the headless statue of its patron, St. Leo, its Hotel de St. Martin, and a few humble lodging-houses. For Cambo boasts of two mineral springs, one sulphurous and the other ferruginous, *said* to resemble, if not to equal, the waters of Eaux Bonnes and Barèges, but whatever may be their efficacy, their reputation does not seem to increase. We hear that, in 1585, François de Noailles, Bishop of Dax, sought and obtained healing at the springs of Cambo. The exiled Queen Dowager of Spain, Marie Anne de Neuberg, second wife of Charles the Second, who had fixed her residence at Bayonne, took the waters there for two seasons in the years 1728 and 1729. In 1808, Napoleon the First visited its springs, and purposed having a military hospital erected there, a sort of auxiliary to that of Barèges,

but his plan was never carried out. Since that time, the present *établissement* has been built, but in no sense can Cambo be called a fashionable watering-place, and its baths are chiefly resorted to by Spaniards and the people of the country. There is a certain gloom about this retired, deeply shadowed little nook, which by a sudden bend of the river is completely concealed from Haut Cambo, so that the open view and pure breezes on the sunny plateau above make the latter by far the most cheerful residence.

The name of Cambo is derived either from the Latin *campus*—there are remains of a camp of very doubtful Roman origin—or more probably, from the Basque word *campoot* (débordement), for even now, in winter time and during the rainy seasons, inundations are constantly occurring, and the Nive—whose waters, usually so clear as to reflect every leaf and stem of its wooded banks, and every tint of the sunset clouds, in which, on the still summer evening, we can watch the fishes at their play, and count each pebble in the transparent pools—often becomes a wild and unmanageable torrent, overflowing its banks, and sweeping away bridges and dykes in its relentless course.

From no point in Cambo is the view so lovely as from the cemetery, or from the *presbytère* which adjoins it. The eye follows the serpent-like windings of the Nive away into the far distance; numberless smiling villages succeed each other along its banks, and snug little farmhouses are dotted about in all directions on the opposite undulating green hills, some perched on their summits, others nestled on their sunny slopes, or peeping out of shady groves of oak and chestnut trees.

In this cemetery, so charmingly placed, stands the parish church, which, like most of the Basque churches, is a plain whitewashed building, with no exterior beauty, and with a small square tower serving as belfry. The interior, well kept and beautifully clean, is handsome for a village church, particularly the high altar, for it is the custom throughout the Basque country that all ornament should be reserved for the sanctuary, which is thus invariably rich in colour and gilding. Three galleries, with carved wooden railings, run round the sides and end of the church, another peculiarity which prevails through the country. These are occupied by men, the nave being filled entirely by women, all wearing black veils or the long black cloak, which forms part of the national costume.

The Basques are eminently a religious people, and have always been deeply attached to their faith. Protestantism got no footing in their country, even in the days of Jeanne d'Albret, when religious strife ran so high in the neighbouring Béarn. "Souvenez-vous tous que nous sommes Basques—je veux dire bons Catholiques," said one of their preachers more than a hundred years ago, when warning his people against the errors of Jansenism; and during the Great Revolution the Basques were remarkable for their moral courage and devotedness to the cause of religion. One of the first victims to the guillotine in that part of the country was the Abbé Jaurèche, a native of Cambo, which place, as well as many of the neighbouring villages, furnished many other martyrs to the Church. Nor was it only the men who showed so much firmness and bravery, the women also displayed wonderful courage and generosity, and a heroism worthy of the first ages of Christianity. The following is one of the many instances on record of their unyielding adherence to their faith. A young girl of Sare, named Magdalene Larralde, knowing that she could not accomplish her religious duties without danger of death, not only for herself, but for the priest to whom she addressed herself, resolved to cross the frontier into Spain, and seek spiritual assistance from some Capuchin fathers who were settled at a village called Vera. One day she was returning from the convent, when, unfortunately, she fell in with an outpost of the French army. The troops immediately seized her as a spy, and dragged her before the general, to be interrogated as to her presence in Spain. Magdalene answered simply and without a moment's hesitation, that she had been to confession. The officer, touched by her youth and innocent bearing, and anxious if possible to save her, quickly replied, "Unfortunate woman, do not say that, for it will be your sentence of death. Say rather that the advance of the French troops frightened you, and drove you to seek shelter on Spanish ground." "But then I should say what would not be true," answered the girl, "and I would rather die a thousand times than offend God by telling a lie." In vain did the general urge and solicit her to yield, her firmness never gave way, and she was conducted as a prisoner before the tribunal of St. Jean de Luz, or Chauvin Dragon, as it was called in those revolutionary times. Before her judges, Magdalene again with unflinching courage refused to save her life by a lie. She was therefore condemned to the guillotine, and as she walked to the

place of execution her step never faltered, and she ceased not to invoke the assistance of God, and to sing the *Salve Regina* in honour of the Queen of Heaven.

Many other women were thrown into prison or put to death, for refusing to give up the practice of their religion, and many sank under the tortures and bad treatment they received. And now, in our own day, in these times of scepticism and infidelity, it is most edifying to see the crowds of men, old and young, who flock to the churches for both Mass and Vespers, and who join heartily and with stentorian voices in the chants and responses. The present curé of Cambo, a saintly old man, is looked upon quite as a father by his parishioners, amongst whom he has laboured for well nigh forty years, and it is touching to see the filial respect and veneration of the people for their aged pastor; he is their guide and authority in temporal as well as spiritual matters. "If you want to know what weather it really will be, ask M. le Curé," naïvely answered a peasant, when consulted by a stranger as to the chance of having a fine day, and he is, in fact, so weatherwise, that in harvest time he is in the habit of having the church bells rung when he foresees rain, so that as soon as they hear the warning tones, the peasants hasten to gather in their crops or to shelter their hay before the threatened storm should come. If discords and troubles arise, a few words from M. le Curé are sufficient to set all right again, and at all hours and in all weathers the good old priest may be seen, mounted on a rough mountain pony, on his way to some of the outlying hamlets of his parish, to minister to the spiritual wants of his people.

The Basques have a great respect for the dead, which is manifested by the care taken of the cemeteries, and this little churchyard is so filled with shrubs and flowers as to look more like a garden than a burying-place. During anniversary Masses for the dead, or whenever a Mass is said for the souls of the departed, it is customary for the friends to burn wax tapers before them during the whole office. As soon as any death occurs, notice is immediately sent to the nearest neighbours on each side of the house of the deceased. It is the duty of the neighbour on the right to go to the church to fetch the crucifix which is placed by the corpse, as well as to carry it at the funeral; he is assisted, if necessary, by the neighbour on the left, who, in any case, walks by his side in the funeral procession. On the day of the interment, or generally two or

three days after, to give time for the distant relations and friends to assemble, all the family and neighbours are gathered together to attend Mass and assist at a repast held in the house where the death took place. Each person brings an offering, either of bread for the poor, or of money to obtain Masses for the soul of the deceased. The repast consists only of meat and vegetables, or on abstinence days, of salt-fish and haricots, no pastry, fruit, or any luxury being allowed ; and when the simple feast is over, the *De profundis* is solemnly recited by all the company. It is the custom for the female chief mourners and nearest relatives to wear the long black hooded cloak before alluded to. A fall of lace round the hood varies in depth according to the wealth of the owner. If the mourners should be too poor to possess one of these cloaks, it is usual to borrow one for the occasion, and hence arises the curious custom of the black cloak being worn, by a wealthy peasant bride, at her wedding, to show that she can afford to have one of her own. It entirely conceals both face and figure, and the prettiest young bride cannot be distinguished from an elderly woman, when seen in the marriage procession or kneeling at the altar. During the marriage ceremony, a white scarf is thrown round the shoulders of the bridegroom, its other end being fastened on the head of the bride, and this is not removed until the nuptial benediction has been pronounced. The bride is greeted by the firing of guns and pistols on her way to and from church.

In former times there existed at Lower Cambo, Itsassou, and several of the neighbouring villages, a number of tanneries, which provided the northern Spanish provinces and many parts of France with excellent leather. It is difficult to account for the abandonment of this successful trade ; for there is still the same rich pasturage, which, by affording good nourishment to the cattle, facilitated the supply of hides, and the same abundance of oak trees, which made it easy to procure the bark necessary for the preparation of the skins. Unfortunately, the Basques, notwithstanding their traditional attachment to their country, seem now fonder of seeking their fortune in other lands than of labouring at home. The best workmen are attracted to America by the love of gain, and the country loses yearly a very large number of its inhabitants by this voluntary emigration. It might be one of the most fertile and richly-cultivated countries of France, and yet large tracts of land,

which might yield the finest crops, or where vines might be grown most successfully, are covered with ferns and heather, for no hands can be found to till them. The few old families who remain faithful to their native soil, do little or nothing for the improvement of their patrimonies, the value of which, with all their natural advantages, could be so easily increased by intelligent labour. Thousands of those who emigrate never return; but many who went away poor, come back rich, and frequently they buy the land of their neighbour, who, encouraged by their success, goes off in his turn to America. These New World fortune-seekers return, however, strangers to their own land, they have lost their nationality, and if you are attracted by any newly-built house or villa, larger and better than the rest, and ask to whom it belongs, the answer invariably will be, "To an American!"

One of the near and favourite excursions from Cambo is to the Pas de Roland, which is an arched breach in the rock, opened, according to the popular legend, by that renowned paladin, either by a stroke of his wonderful sword Durandal, or by a blow from his boot, to give a passage to the army of Charlemagne! The road is excellent, though very hilly, till it approached the village of Itsassou, when, leaving it and the fort-crowned peak of Mondarrain to the right, a bye-road enters a wild and narrow gorge, and soon becomes a path only practicable for donkeys and foot passengers. During the winter, and particularly when the snow is melting, great pieces of rock often detach themselves from the side of this ravine, and fall headlong into the river. A few years ago, on a Sunday, when a number of peasants were on their way to Mass, an immense block of rock gave way, and was precipitated with furious velocity from the top of the mountain. It fell between two groups of terrified men and women, and bounded with a tremendous splash into the foaming Nive. Providentially, it touched no one; it only struck an old oak tree, which still bears the scar on its trunk, as a proof of its power of resistance.

The village of Itsassou (in Basque, *Itsatsu*¹), which lies embowered among peach and cherry trees, for which fruits it is famous, is worthy of a visit on account of its church, which

¹ *Tsu* is a termination expressing abundance. *Itsatsu* signifies, "abundance of *houque*," a plant of which brooms are made. Most of the Basque proper names have their own particular signification, such as *Etcheverry*, "new house;" *Etchecourry*, "white house;" *Mariste*, "under the oak tree," &c.

is very handsome. Twisted columns entwined with gold vine leaves and grapes, and an altarpiece of coloured carved wood, representing different events in the life of our Lord, give a very rich effect to the high altar. In this church a space is set apart at each side of the door for widows and widowers, who for two years are not allowed to be seen among the rest of the worshippers. The sacred vessels, of which Itsassou is justly proud, for they were the munificent gift of one of its own villagers, are to be seen at the *presbytère*, where they are kept for better security. One Pedro Etchegaray, a youth of Itsassou, being destitute of fortune, and hoping to improve his position in Spain, into which country riches had been flowing so abundantly since the discovery of the New World, resolved to start on a journey to Cadiz, at that time an undertaking of no small peril. He was full of courage and energy, and after many years of assiduous labour and invariable good conduct, he returned home the possessor of great wealth. Grateful to a protecting Providence, Don Pedro's first act was to make an offering to his parish church of a chalice, a pyx, a remonstrance, and a cross, all set with precious stones, and of considerable value. In 1791, these treasures were carefully concealed, in order to protect them from the rapacity of the revolutionists, and the secret of their hiding-place was only known to three *elcheçojauns*, or landowners. One of the three died soon afterwards, and bequeathed the precious secret to his son, Pierre Tharur, who was only eighteen years of age. Although so young, he proved himself well worthy of the trust that had been confided to him. Rumours of the hidden treasure reached the ears of a band of brigands, and they suspected that young Tharur could give them information which might enable them to obtain possession of it. Accordingly, they forced their way one night into his house, seized his person, and overpowered him with blows and threats, to force him to reveal his secret. But neither ill-treatment nor the sight of arms with which they threatened to take away his life, could shake the intrepid youth. Furious beyond measure, the brigands decided that he should pass through the ordeal of fire. Whilst some of the band were actively searching for the coveted spoil, the rest gathered together all the combustible matter they could find, and having set it on fire, they thrust the feet of the poor boy into the burning furnace. But in spite of the devouring flames, Pierre never lost his

presence of mind ; once only his heart failed him, when he saw the sacrilegious hands of the robbers almost touching the hiding-place which contained the objects of their avaricious search. He breathed again freely when they withdrew to pursue their investigations elsewhere. At last, despairing of success, they took their departure, leaving young Tharur horribly burnt, but master of his secret. When tranquillity was restored to France, the cross, the chalice, and the other sacred vessels once more appeared in the church of Itsassou, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Pierre Tharur was named sacristan, and died in 1844, at an advanced age, esteemed by all his fellow-countrymen.

At a very short distance from Cambo, on the Bayonne road, the stranger cannot fail to notice a large building beautifully situated on the slope of a wooded hill. It is the Petit Séminaire of Larressore (*Larre-Sorho—lande-prairie*), some details of the foundation of which may not be without interest, as that part of the country owes to it in a great measure the restoration of ecclesiastical training, which in the beginning of the last century was in a sad state of declension.

The founder of this institution was Jean Daguerre, son of a notary and small landed proprietor at Larressore. He was born in 1703, and as no place within easy reach offered any resources for the instruction of children, Jean received his early education at home, his father devoting to him all his leisure time. He was a wild intractable boy, always getting into mischief, and delighting so much in out-door pursuits that whenever he could elude his father's vigilant eye, he would fling down his books and scamper off into the fields, sometimes remaining absent the whole day, to the despair of his poor mother, who did all in her power to conceal these wild flights and screen the truant from his father's displeasure. As he grew older his parents found him quite beyond their control, and as even the neighbours began to look grave and foretell that Jean would grow up a disgrace to his family, his father resolved to send him to the Jesuit College at Bordeaux. Many Basque youths were studying there at that time, the great attraction being the high reputation of the Père Chourio—himself a Basque—who was Professor of Theology at that College. Little did people then think what a change was about to operate on the boy's apparently incorrigible nature, and that God destined him to be the instrument

for accomplishing a great work for souls in the diocese of Bayonne.

Jean Daguerre had very good natural abilities, and as he now gave himself up to study with his usual ardour and energy, he soon began to make rapid progress; and the solid theological training which he received under those excellent masters, enabled him in after life to combat with peculiar success the errors of Jansenism. Years passed on; his education was finished, he was ordained priest, and he was working with great zeal and activity as *vicaire* at Anglet, near Bayonne, when his labours were suddenly interrupted by a very severe illness. His recovery was long and tedious, and so great was his weakness that the doctors prescribed absolute rest. He was therefore advised to return to Larressore, as it was thought that the pure air of his native home, and the tender care of his old father and three sisters would best contribute to the speedy restoration of his health. The life of inaction to which he was thus condemned, was a very great sacrifice to one of his ardent and active disposition, but it was the means God made use of for carrying out His designs.

During this time of retreat, the Abbé Daguerre reflected with deep sorrow on the evils that were springing up in the diocese of Bayonne, and which arose principally from the relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, from the baneful effects of Jansenism, and from the ignorance and corruption of morals which were spreading among the lower classes. He conceived the idea of working out a wide scheme of reform for the improvement of his countrymen, and he employed his season of repose from active work in meditating on the best mode of carrying out his plan. Endowed with a keen perception and an admirable judgment, he fully understood that in order to insure success, due remedies must be applied to the existing evils, and he purposed to found three distinct establishments, each of which should exercise its action in a different sphere, while all three should tend to the same end. First, a seminary for the education of young men, and particularly for the training of those youths who were destined for the priesthood; second, a body of missionaries to preach the law of the Gospel to adults, and to bring men back to the practice of their religious duties; and lastly, a house of retreat or religious institution where girls should receive an education suitable to their condition, and where women might find every facility for making a retreat.

when they wished to withdraw for a time from the distractions of the world.

It was a vast enterprize for so young and inexperienced a man, without interest and with very small means, but he had great energy and perseverance, a very resolute will, and, above all, the most unbounded confidence in Providence. He began by opening a small school, and the number of pupils increased so rapidly that it became necessary to seek for a larger locality. At this moment he feared that his work would be stopped short for want of proper accommodation, but M. Salvat de S. Fé, a canon of Bayonne, a great friend and fellow-countryman, offered him two houses and a little chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, on a property which belonged to him at Larressore, called the Priory of Dendariette. The offer was most gratefully accepted by M. Daguerre, and all was soon in order to receive his scholars. He rejoiced at having found an asylum on a spot dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as it seemed to assure him of her protection; henceforward he considered her as the patron of his work, and later, when the seminary was built, he desired that its chapel should be dedicated to our Lady, as had been that of Dendariette. It was necessary, however, that the school should be established on a more stable footing, for this property would one day pass into other hands. M. Daguerre was therefore anxious to purchase land on which to build a permanent seminary, but here a great difficulty arose, for he had neither money nor the means of procuring it. Just at this time one of the frequent inundations of the Nive took place, and the bridge which united the two Cambo villages was carried away by the violence of the waters. The inhabitants of Bas Cambo were thus unable to get to their parish church, and a temporary chapel was erected till the bridge should be reconstructed. Some of the more wealthy inhabitants, aware of the great value of an institution such as the Abbé Daguerre proposed to establish, and anxious to secure a permanent chapel for Bas Cambo, which could best be effected by the erection of the seminary there, came forward with generous offers of money and materials towards the construction of the projected building. With the consent of the Bishop, M. Daguerre was about to accept these advantageous propositions, but the inhabitants of Larressore, who during the short time that the school had been opened, had learnt fully to appreciate the

advantage of having such an establishment in their village, were greatly alarmed at hearing what was proposed. They resolved at any cost to prevent its being transferred to Cambo, and at once to take decided measures to settle it permanently at Larressore. A meeting was called, at which all the land-owners in the parish undertook to build a *petit séminaire* with its chapel, entirely at their own expense. The less wealthy commune of Cambo could not venture on an engagement like this, and to its mortification and grief, and to the great joy of the commune of Larressore, the affair was concluded in favour of the latter. The site for the new building was immediately chosen, and the excitement and enthusiasm were so general that all the inhabitants, men and women, might be seen day after day going to a neighbouring stone-quarry laden with pikes, shovels, and baskets, to assist at the extraction of the materials. Some cut down their own trees to contribute the woodwork of the building, others brought small sums of money which they had laid by, little economies gained by the sweat of their brow, and those who possessed carts and oxen offered to do the necessary carting gratuitously. It was admirable to see what zeal was displayed on the occasion by the poor but generous population, who had no means of subsistence beyond what they earned by the work of their hands. Their efforts were rewarded with success, for no sooner was the new seminary erected than pupils began to flock to it, not only from all the Pays Basque and Bayonne, but from more distant parts of the country. Its reputation soon extended beyond the Pyrenees, and many of the wealthy families of Spain sent their sons to be educated there. M. Daguerre took the greatest care to prevent any Jansenist doctrines from penetrating into the seminary, and required that the pupils in theology should be perfectly instructed in all that concerned Jansenism, its history and its errors, as he felt that a clear and thorough acquaintance with the subject was the best means of strengthening them in the faith and enabling them to combat and answer those opinions so adverse to pure and wholesome doctrines.

For fifty years the Abbé Daguerre was Superior of his beloved Seminary, and after his death, at the advanced age of eighty-two, it continued to prosper till the dark stormy days of the Great Revolution, when it was ruthlessly destroyed by the enemies of religion. In 1820 it rose again from its ruins,

and the present large and commodious building was erected on the same beautiful site.

Before we take our leave, however, of this venerable old Superior, we must cross the suspension-bridge close by the *établissement des bains*, and travel by an excellent road—though one of successive steep ascents and descents—through a country of much beauty, past picturesque villages, across breezy heights and down into thickly wooded ravines, to the busy little market-town of Hasparre, where still flourishes the house of retreat which was established by the efforts of M. Daguerre. In 1730, with the bishop's sanction and assistance, the zealous priest opened his missions, which were continued with the greatest success for many years. To their effects may be traced the reverent and devout demeanour of the Basque peasants in the churches, their regular attendance at the public offices of the Church, as well as at instructions and catechisms, their love of order, and their simplicity of dress, even when in easy circumstances.

One of the earliest of these missions, and one which produced the most abundant fruit, was preached by himself at Urrugne, not far from St. Jean de Luz. There it was that in one of his penitents he found the person God had destined to cooperate with him in the further accomplishment of the plan he had conceived for His glory and the good of souls.

Dominique d'Etchéverry, of a noble Basque family, had been educated at Bayonne by the Nuns of the Visitation, and while at the convent had been remarkable for her piety, docility, and exemplary conduct. At the time of her return home and of her entry into the world, her father occupied a high military position, and by her beauty and wit and graceful manners, she was well fitted to adorn the brilliant society into which she so suddenly found herself transplanted. Her imagination was dazzled by the luxury and gaiety which surrounded her, and by the admiration and flattery that were lavished on her; she became absorbed in worldly pleasures, and by little and little, negligence crept into the practice of her religious duties. She flattered herself that the requirements of her position and compliance with the wishes of her father would excuse her before God for leading a life of such dissipation, and she thus lulled her conscience into that sort of false security which is so common among worldly people. From time to time there were moments of awakening, when she felt a certain remorse

and serious uneasiness, when recollections of her convent life, so calm and pure, came back vividly to her mind and gave birth to bitter regrets; but these good impressions were only transitory, and soon faded away in the midst of her frivolous amusements. A merciful God was, however, watching over this poor blinded soul, and His chastening hand was about to tear away the veil which was covering her spiritual sight. The first trial which came upon her was the death of her mother. This was followed by a great reverse of fortune, which deprived her father of nearly all his wealth; and finally, she lost that beloved father himself. She had always been his favourite child and constant companion; and after his death she was left unprotected and alone. She recognized the Divine Hand which smote in order to save her, and at last she was convinced of the vanity and emptiness of the things of this world. She retired to Urrugne, her native place, and after leading a life of piety for some time and making rapid progress in virtue, she resolved to quit the world and give herself entirely to God. In hesitation, however, as to what might be His will in her regard, Dominique was praying fervently that she might meet with a wise and prudent director, when the Abbé Daguerre came there on his mission. She heard his instructions with lively faith; she opened her heart to him, and found in the zealous missionary the very guide she so much needed to point out her future path in life, while he saw that she was well adapted to second him in the work he proposed for the education of girls. She entered with ardour into his plan for the establishment of a house of retreat, her great desire being to labour for souls. Four young girls, belonging to the principal families of Labourd, associated themselves with her in the new foundation, for which, after long delays and many difficulties, a large and convenient house was secured at Hasparreua. In 1738 the Bishop of Bayonne, who had welcomed the new project with great favour, himself examined Mdlle. d'Etchéverry and her companions as to their vocation and capabilities. He gave them his benediction, and elected Mdlle. d'Etchéverry Superior, in which office she remained till her death in 1747. One of her associates succeeded her in the direction of the little community, which continued to increase and prosper.

There are now many other religious houses throughout the country which provide instruction for the young; even Cambo has its school and little orphanage, under the charge of the

Sœurs de la Croix. These Sisters have a large establishment at the bright village of Ustaritz, the spire of whose beautiful new church we see glistening in the sunshine in the direction of Bayonne. The old church, which no longer exists, was the most ancient in the Basque country, as it dated from the thirteenth century. In a grove of old oak trees in the grounds of the Château de Haïtye, near Ustaritz, may still be seen the spot where, in days of yore, the States of Labourd used to assemble. In the Basque tongue this meeting was called *Bilçar*, or assembly of elders. Two blocks of rock served as seats for the president and his secretary, while all the chief landowners and heads of families stood round with their backs against the venerable trees, leaning on their *makhile*, or medlar tree staffs. Here they carried on their discussions on public affairs, and their deliberations on the administration of their communes. Another slab of rock, highly polished, was used for a table on which they inscribed their decisions. The origin of the *Bilçar* is lost in obscurity; but it is supposed to be anterior to the establishment of Christianity among the Basques.²

There are also the ruins of an ancient chapel at Ustaritz. According to tradition, when the Catholic religion was uprooted in that country by the repeated incursions of the barbarian hordes, the small number of the faithful who escaped from their fury used to assemble in this chapel dedicated to St. Madeleine. It was there also that St. Leo knelt to commend his mission to the Almighty, when on his way to evangelize Navarre.

One of the most charming drives from Cambo is to the old seaport town of St. Jean de Luz. The road passes through Espelette, where there are the remains of a baronial castle, formerly belonging to one of the old Basque families, for we read that in 1170 it gave a bishop to Bayonne, in the person of M. Bertrand d'Espelette. Further on, we come to the picturesque village of St. Pée, with its quaint carved green balconies and Spanish-looking arcades, and its green or *rabot* (which no Basque village is without) for the national *jeu de paume*, in which the peasants display the greatest skill, agility, and vigour. The blue sea and distant Spanish shore soon open out before us; the peak of La Rhune and the Trois Couronnes, with their serrated tops, stand out boldly to the left in the mountain chain, which seems to lose itself in the ocean; and following the windings of the little river Nivelle, we reach

² C. Duvricin.

the once prosperous, but now deserted old town of St. Jean de Luz. It looks out mournfully, as it were, on the wide expanse of the Atlantic, on whose waters it once carried on so successful a trade, and whose gigantic waves now often menace it with destruction, and have already submerged many of its habitations. Its port, which in bygone days sent forth its fleets of whalers, is now well nigh empty, and partly choked up by the shifting sand; and whereas the town could once boast of a population of fourteen thousand, it now only numbers between two and three thousand souls.

The Venetian-looking old mansion where the Infanta slept is, alas! now sadly modernized; but it still bears the name of its royal guest, as does also the house where the Grand Monarque was lodged. For, as we all know, in the days of its splendour, St. Jean de Luz received the visit of the great King, Louis the Fourteenth, who was accompanied by a brilliant retinue, for the celebration of his marriage with Maria Teresa, the Infanta of Spain, in 1660.

Although there is something melancholy in the stillness of its deserted streets, there is a quiet dignity about the place, and there are traces of faded grandeur and decayed nobility, which tell of former glory and fallen fortune, and form a striking contrast to its rich, gay, and thriving *parvenu* neighbour, Biarritz, which thirty years ago was nothing but an unpretending little fishing-village.

One more spot we would visit before we leave this country, for the sake of a saintly old man, whose memory is dear to the neighbourhood in which he lived. It is the chapel of Ainhoa, dedicated to N. D. de l'Aubépine, situated on a little platform on the slope of the Mont Axulay, from which there is a most beautiful and extensive view. The Atlantic is seen like a blue line against the horizon, we look upon Biarritz and its lighthouse, on Bayonne and its Cathedral, on the winding rivers Adour and Nive, on wooded hills, fertile plains, and scattered villages, and down at the foot of the mountain on Ainhoa, with its tall church tower and prettily-grouped houses. To the left lies the Spanish village of Urdache, and still further may be seen the gloomy little village of Zugarramurdy. Behind the chapel, which is very poor, and greatly in need of restoration, but still much frequented in times of calamity, there is an old hermitage, which was inhabited for seventy-one years by Jean Baptiste Béhérèche, commonly called the hermit of Ainhoa. He retired there at the

age of seventeen, having from a child desired to devote his life to the service and honour of the Blessed Virgin. His time was divided between taking care of the chapel, manual labour, and prayer. The only recreation he allowed himself was singing hymns in praise of Mary. He was much distressed at the ignorance of the little peasants and shepherd boys, and he opened a school in his hermitage, where he gave the children such instruction as was suited to their position. He taught them to love God and their neighbour, to honour their parents, to be honest, sober, and industrious, and he implanted in their young hearts the great truths of the Catholic religion, taught by our Lord Himself when on earth. Through the children he contrived to get access to the parents, and during his long life who can say to how many he imparted consolation, encouragement, and salutary advice. He was beloved and respected by all. During the whole of the Revolution he never fled from his post, and guarded the chapel, so that it remained always open to the faithful. To his great grief, however, it was destroyed when the war broke out between France and Spain. When the war was over, he travelled all through the country asking for alms, and he succeeded in rebuilding his beloved chapel. But alas! twenty years had hardly elapsed when it was destroyed a second time in 1814, by the French, who erected a gun battery in its place. The old hermit was then eighty years of age, but when peace was restored he again took courage, and, mounted on a donkey, he went from village to village and from house to house, begging for money in the name of God and N. D. de l'Aubépine. No one could refuse his request, and when he had collected sufficient for his purpose he set to work, and before his death he had the consolation of once more seeing his dear chapel rebuilt. Again he gathered his little pupils around him, and continued to instruct them, and notwithstanding his great age, he still loved to sing in faltering tones the same hymns which had been his delight in his youth. He died in 1822, aged eighty-eight, and carried with him to the grave the regrets alike of rich and poor.

We are now so close to the frontier that we cannot do better than part with our readers near Urdache, at the foot of an old oak tree, on which are the almost effaced remains of a cross cut upon its rugged bark. It is the remnant of a pious and touching old Spanish custom. This oak was planted where the church of the village first came in sight. No Spaniard returning to his country ever passed that tree without touching it and

making the sign of the Cross on himself. It was his salute, on arriving, to that God Who dwelt in the rustic temple, watching from its tabernacle over the neighbouring habitations. And no one on leaving his country went past that spot without turning to give a last look at the church and signing himself with the hand which had touched the cross on the tree. It was the traveller's last adieu, asking from the Most High protection during the journey and a happy return home.

A. M. D.

Colloquium Spirituale.

Anima. JESU, dulce decus meum,
Jesu, quem tenero pectore diligo,
Cur tam sæpe premit dolor
Cur vexant animum tot querimonie?

Christus. Fili, te retinent adhuc
Mundani nimium vincula gaudii;
Necdum semper adest tibi
Fulgens in stabili pectore charitas.

Anima. Eheu! quam bene cognitum
Prae duris habeo sæpe laboribus,
Ut sum vilis et improbo
Turbati similis marmoris aestui!

Christus. Quamquam viribus es tuis
Jactati levior tegmine corticis,
Fies auxilio meo
Mox querqus valido robore fortior.

Anima. At quum sævus adest dolor,
Quum diro strepitu circumeunt aquæ,
Quum tempus furit horridum
Eheu! tunc animæ fervor abit meæ.

Christus. Fili, nil mihi tam placet
Quam rebus dubiis firma fidelitas
Ut mens propositi tenax
Inconcussa suâ stet patientiâ

Anima. Jesu, fidus ero tibi
Dum vitæ remanet spiritus integræ;
Jesu, fidus ero tibi
Ut mortis veniet terribilis dies.

Christus. Fili, semper eris mei
Tutus perpetuo tegmine brachii
Et quum mortis adest dies
Aeternâ dabitur lætitia frui.

C.

*Chronicles of Catholic Missions.*¹

NO. I.—THE FIVE FRIARS OF ST. FRANCIS.

ALTHOUGH the motive and the spirit of Catholic missions have always been the same since the great commandment was given, "Go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature," still there have been the greatest variety of methods and kinds of operation used in the work of the conversion of infidels. This is only the natural result of the fact that the Gospel message has been at various times addressed to nations and communities in the most widely different circumstances as to religion, civilization, and political position. What suited the Greek and Latin cities of the Roman Empire to which St. Paul and St. Peter presented themselves as Apostles was probably not identical with the method used by St. Thomas, St. Matthew, or St. Andrew, when, according to the ancient tradition, they preached in India, Ethiopia, and Scythia. One method must have been adopted for savages or for nomads, another for the corrupt but refined civilization of nations which had long known all the arts of life, and had a literature, a science, a philosophy of their own, just as our Lord Himself was different in His ways of dealing with the Centurion and the Jewish noble, the woman by the well at Samaria, and the learned disputants at Jerusalem, and as St. Paul was different

¹ Under the above title we hope to set before our readers a series of chapters which may serve to illustrate the history of Catholic enterprise in the high sphere of missions to the heathen, and which may also help to feed and stimulate that zeal for, and just interest in, such works in our own time, which can never be entirely absent in any Catholic community, but which may from time to time need revival and arousing. We have more than once quoted, in our late numbers, the very excellent weekly organ of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, published at Lyons, under the name of *Missions Catholiques*. There is, we believe, reason to hope that in a few months an English version of the *Missions* may appear in England, Ireland, and America. Meanwhile, we shall hope to help in the same direction by the papers of which the present article is the first.

when speaking at the Areopagus and in the synagogue of Antioch in Pisidia.

In putting before our readers a selection of narratives which illustrate the diversity of methods in Christian propagandism, we shall not attempt anything like an arrangement of these narratives according to any theory or according to the order of time. The story which comes first to our hand shows the preaching of the Gospel in its simplest manner. It would almost seem as if the object of the friars, of whom the following pages speak, had been quite as much to secure martyrdom for themselves as conversion for those to whom they preached. Our narrative is condensed from the *Croniche dei Frati Minori*, of Mark of Lisbon, translated into Italian by Diola. The date of the mission is 1219, eleven years after the foundation of the Franciscan Order. "The holy Father St. Francis," says the chronicler, "by divine inspiration again distributed his friars into all parts of the world, among the faithful and infidels alike, to preach the most holy faith of our Lord, and sent them under their Provincial Ministers, whom at that time he named afresh. And as the fury of the Moors was at that time deluging the whole world, he went himself into Asia." Among others whom he destined to various provinces, were six who were to go to Miramolin, King of Morocco, whose names are thus given in the larger Spanish edition of the *Cronaca*—Fr. Bernardo de Carvio, born in a small town in the county of Narni, Fr. Pietro de San Geminiano, of Florence, Fr. Adjuto, Accursio, and Otho, and as the head of all, Fr. Vitale, "a man of much virtue and singular prudence." Bernardo could preach well in the Arabic tongue, and Pietro and Otho were priests as well as he. Adjuto and Accursio were lay-brothers. The narrative begins with St. Francis' address to them.

"My dearest children, it is the will of God that I should send you to preach our holy faith to the Moors in Spain, and to fight against the sect of Mahomet. Wherefore, go forth right joyously to win the crown which He will surely give you in such manner as seems best to His Divine Majesty." And they, as obedient sons, awaited his blessing silently, with bent heads and folded arms; but first the holy Father exhorted them in moving words, and with many tears, to practise patience and brotherly love, and faithfully to observe the three vows, following herein their sweet Lord and Master, Who obeyed His earthly parents, ever preached and practised poverty, and so loved chastity, that He chose a Virgin for His Mother, and virgins for His first martyrs, and was fain to die between His Virgin Mother and His virgin disciple. They were to put their whole trust in God, Who would help them and guide them on their way. Furthermore,

he bade them be diligent in saying the divine office, and before all things to be mindful of the sacred Passion of our Lord. "Never would I send you away," he said, "save for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; for He knoweth the sorrow of my heart at parting from you, no less than my consolation in your ready obedience." They, on their side, weeping copiously, commended themselves to the prayers of their good Father, in which, next to God, was their chieftest hope, and meekly asked his blessing, which, not without tears, he gave them. And so, as their holy rule prescribes, barefoot, without money, bag, or staff, clad in one poor, mean, pieced garment, but also with the grace of God, they set forth, and arrived safely in Spain.

On entering the kingdom of Aragon, a great misfortune befell; for Fra Vitale, their guide and head, fell grievously sick; and after tarrying some space to see whether he might recover from that sickness, he said to his companions—"It seems, my dearest brothers, that I am not worthy longer to serve God in our holy order, and that it is not His pleasure that I should proceed further in this holy work for the conversion of souls. Be not grieved at leaving me here alone, knowing that His help will not be wanting to me; but go on your way, with a good heart, and pray for me to our Lord."

The poor friars could not refrain from weeping at these words; but, mindful of the obedience they owed to the saint and to him, they craved his blessing, and so, all in turn embracing him, and begging him to pray for their joyful meeting in heaven, they once again set forth. As for this poor Fra Vitale, his grief of heart did so aggravate his bodily sickness, that he grew daily worse, till the news came of the martyrdom of his companions, whereat he so lamented his losing that crown, and his love of God so increased hour by hour, that our loving Lord was moved to bestow upon him, there lying on his bed, that same crown the loss of which he so bewailed, and to take him to Himself. Thus much concerning Fra Vitale. We must now recount the conflict of his brethren, who, journeying through Spain into Portugal, ceased not to preach, when occasion was, both to Catholics and heretics, of whom there were great numbers in that country.

In due time they reached the fair and famous city of Coimbra, where it chanced that Queen Urraca, the wife of King Alfonso the Second, then was. She sent for and most lovingly received the friars, for, indeed, she had their order in great esteem, and inquired many things concerning their errand, most courteously offering to supply all their wants. Not content with the brief account of their General's intention which they gave her, this lady, thirsting as the hart for the Word of God, engaged them in spiritual discourse, drawing thence much sweetness and consolation; then, taking them apart, she besought them, for the love of Him for Whose sweet Name they were going to cruel torments and death, to beg of God to reveal to them the day on which she should die, and albeit the friars endeavoured by all means to escape her importunity, saying that they were unworthy to know the secrets of the Lord, and other words of the like import, yet did she at length prevail with them to give her that promise which she craved. And so, after fervent prayer, they again came before the Queen, and bade her be of good courage, for that it was the will of God that her end should be very shortly, and before that of the King her husband. Moreover, they gave her a sure sign, for, "Know, lady," they said, "that before many days we shall die by the sword for the faith of

Christ. Praised be His Divine Majesty, Who has chosen us, poor men, to be in the number of His martyrs. Our bodies shall be brought into this city with great devotion by the Christians of Morocco, and you and your husband shall go to meet them. When these things shall come to pass, know that the time is come for you to leave this world and to go to God."

Many of our readers may remember one of Southey's ballads, in which the story is related with something of an addition. The Queen is made to ask the friars which shall die first, her husband or herself, and the friars reply that that one of the two who shall be the first to meet their relics when they approach Coimbra shall die the first. When the time comes, the Queen schemes to get her husband to ride on before her and meet the relics, and he does so, but a boar crosses his path, and he pursues it, thus leaving time for the Queen to meet the relics first. The Queen, in consequence, dies. This addition to the legend is said in the *Cronaca Serafica* to rest on the authority of an old manuscript preserved at Coimbra. We shall find it mentioned later on in the story.

On taking leave of the holy men, the good Queen gave them letters to the Infanta, Doña Sancha, daughter of the King of Portugal, then living in a villa called Alenquer, on the banks of the Tagus. She received them most graciously, for indeed she was a lady of exceeding virtue, and such a lover of holy virginity that she had refused every proposal of marriage, and spent her days in prayers and fastings, and much mortification of the flesh. Her chapel was served by priests of the Order of the blessed father, St. Francis, whom, at her entreaty, he had sent to her. Think, therefore, how gladly she entertained these five, discoursing with them of spiritual things, and providing them with all things needful. On their departure she furnished them with the dress of seculars, as otherwise they would not have been suffered to enter the country of the Moors, who make more account of their law than of aught beside, nay, even our own merchants, more careful for worldly gain than for souls bought by Christ's precious Blood, would have opposed their entering had the cause of their coming been known.

Wherefore they tarried at Alenquer till their hair and beards had grown, and then set forth for Lisbon, whence they took ship for Seville. That city belonged to the Moors; but they found lodging in the house of a rich and noble, and seemingly devout, Christian. Here they again put on their religious habits, and nothing doubting the goodwill of their host, laid open to him their minds with all plainness, but he, to their great discomfiture, took the matter in quite another way, for being in fear for his life, and that of the other Christians, he did his utmost to turn them from their purpose; saying that they would have all their pains for nothing, if indeed they did not run a risk of losing their own faith by reason of those torments which they would have to suffer.

Now, when the friars heard him speak in this strain, they made all haste to depart, and like stout and valiant soldiers marched forth to attack the enemy in his stronghold, namely the Moorish mosque: there, finding their foes, so to speak, fully armed, praying to their prophet, they struck

at them with that sharp weapon, the Word of God. They, on their part, marvelling at the strange dress of the friars, and taking them for a set of madmen, drove them forth with much violence; but these holy men, nothing daunted thereby, did but encourage one another to greater boldness, saying—"What do we here, so few in number, against such a multitude? Let us rather go straight to the King, and having conquered the head we shall gain an easy victory over the members. Come, let us go joyously to confess before him that dear Lord Who ransomed us with His Blood, and Who is waiting to crown us with the crown of martyrdom." To the palace, therefore, they went: and after much parleying with the guards, who asked whether they were the bearers of any letters or credentials to the King, and who would fain know their business before allowing them to enter, they were at length admitted to the royal presence, and the King inquired who they were, by whom they were sent, and for what intent. To which they made answer, that they were Christians, sent by the King of kings, Jesus, the Saviour of the world, to preach His holy faith, and that their business with him was to save his miserable soul, which could not be done but by his forsaking Mahomet and believing in Christ, and receiving baptism in the name of the Holy Trinity. The King, who looked to hear something of quite another sort, broke out into a rage at hearing his prophet blasphemed, and asked the saints whether they came to preach only to him, or to his people also. "O King," they said, "we come first to thee as the head of this accursed sect, that being led into the way of truth, thou mayest teach it to thy people, and be to them the means of salvation, as thou now art of their perdition." At which words the King, becoming more and more inflamed with fury, exclaimed—"O wretched and accursed men, doubtless you have been sent here for your many and great sins, for which you shall suffer the extremity of punishment, unless you desist from your rash enterprize, and embrace the faith of our great prophet, for then will I not only pardon you, but bring you to great riches and honour, that all may know how we reverence him, and favour them who forsake other laws for his: but otherwise ye shall expiate your madness by divers torments and certain death." But the saints made answer that the law of Mahomet was an accursed law which would condemn its followers to eternal death, in which all their honours and treasures would perish with them; while, on the other hand, by being poor and despised for a very short time in this world, they would gain indestructible treasure in the next; and they adjured the King to think on this everlasting reward, for that if he so highly esteemed his earthly kingdom, much more ought he to prize the heavenly realm; and besought him to turn to the true God, Who had sent them as His messengers to deliver him from that dread doom which else must be his portion. But the King, not waiting to hear more, gave orders that they should be driven from his presence, and beheaded immediately. Full of gladness at this sentence, they spoke one to another, saying—"O happy we, that now see the day we have long desired, that the thing we have so long prayed for is granted to us: well is it with us, for we are already in port; let us buckle on our armour, and bravely endure that sharp short conflict which awaits us. Soon we shall be beyond the storms of this life, and the temptations of the devil, and the siren songs of the flesh; then will men have no more power over our frail bodies, but we shall go to our home in heaven to see Him Who is our first beginning, and to receive a hundred-fold for the sufferings we have borne for His sake. Let us thank and laud Him with

merry hearts, and gladly present to Him the lives which He bought by His death." With these and other like words they comforted each other, and hastened to the place where they were to die with such eagerness that the executioner, believing them to be mad, sought to turn them from their folly, as he deemed it, and to accept the offers of his sovereign's clemency. But they told him that it would be real madness to prefer the perishable goods of this world to the joys of eternity, and that this life was but a breath in comparison of the next.

Now, while all this was going on, the prince, who was present when his father gave that sentence, besought him not to act rashly in the heat of passion, but rather to strive to compass the conversion of those miserable men by means of their own sages, and so to get great glory for himself; which counsel pleased the King well, and he sent to revoke the sentence, and to give orders to imprison the men in a certain tower.

On hearing this, the holy men endured another sort of martyrdom in their spirits, fearing that God, on account of some grave imperfection in them, would not give them that crown which they aspired to; notwithstanding, they committed their cause to Him, and in obedience to that command they had received to preach the Faith, they began to do so from the battlements of the tower to the Moors who passed by, which thing coming to the ears of the King, he had them removed to a subterranean prison, where they spent five days praying and preaching to their fellow-prisoners; after which they were again brought before the King, who, as before, reviled them as madmen, and once more bade them choose between torture and death and the greatest honours of his kingdom. The holy martyrs replied that, as they had already told him, they cared no whit for all his treasures; and that as for the death with which he sought to affright them, it would be to them a most welcome messenger to bring them into His presence Whom they so greatly longed for, that every hour seemed a thousand years while they were parted from Him. And as they went on to speak of the endless pains of hell which await those who reject the true God and obstinately persist in serving that false prophet, and of our Lord's huge mercy in tarrying so long for the King's conversion and sending His servants to show him the way of salvation, he began to feel the power of the Holy Spirit in his soul, in some measure, for albeit he drove them from his presence, and had them led back to their dungeon, yet did he take counsel with his Ministers how he should deal with those men, and they, moved in like manner by the words they had heard, persuaded the King not to shed the blood of those madmen, but to send them away to some country of the Christians; and as it so chanced that a ship was even then about to sail to Morocco, where were many Christians, the King lent an ear to their counsel and gave order that so it should be.

The saints, therefore, were conducted to Morocco by a certain Spanish cavalier, Don Fernando de Castro, who had taken service in the Court of Miramolin, the King of that country, on account of certain differences between him and the King of Portugal, and were by him introduced into the palace of the Infant, Don Pedro, brother of the said King, who, for reasons of a like sort, had taken up his abode in Morocco. He greatly marvelled at seeing these men, so pale of visage, and so worn that they were like walking skeletons, with hollow eyes, and backs bowed with fatigue and suffering, and yet withal with so gracious and sweet an aspect, and so bright a gaiety shining in their faces, that they were more like angels than men. Outwardly, indeed, they were half dead, but intcriorly so

inflamed with the divine charity and the love of their neighbour, that they made a jest of death—nay, rather they regarded it as a thing most precious and desirable. The Infant, having well considered all this, as also the great pains these men had taken to gain the crown of martyrdom in Seville, and fearing the confusion that would ensue if they should now do the like, strove with many and seemingly fair arguments to turn them from their purpose. But they, answering never a word, left his palace, and went forth into the streets inquiring the way to that of the King Miramolin, and being told that he was not then in the city, but would shortly return, they stood on a rising ground near which he should pass by, and so soon as they saw him, one of their number began in a loud voice to preach the Catholic faith and to condemn the sect of Mahomet. The King, astounded at so much boldness in a man of such mean garb and aspect, commanded that they should be driven outside the gates towards those parts inhabited by the Christians; and the Infant himself sent two of his followers to accompany them to Ceuta, whence they might take ship for Portugal. But those servants of God, without paying any heed to them, turned back, and boldly preached our holy faith in the square of the city, till they were seized by the King's guards and thrown into prison, where for twenty days they lived without meat or drink, being sustained by the mere grace of God.

Now it befell that during this time such a pestilential air prevailed, that the inhabitants of the country were like men half dead with sickness and languor, and fearing lest this might be the effect of the divine anger, they besought their King to release those barefooted prisoners, which he accordingly did, and they being led into his presence, and appearing in better case, and to have gained flesh since they were held in durance, he asked them in much surprise, who had brought them nourishment in prison; to which they made answer, that if he would become a Christian he should know how God is able, by His almighty power, to support His faithful servants in this life, and to reserve them for everlasting rewards in heaven. The end of this interview was that the King committed the martyrs to the charge of certain Christians, to keep them closely guarded till opportunity should offer of sending them to Ceuta; but this time, also, they escaped from their companions and began preaching in the streets, so that the Infant had them taken to his own palace, and diligently watched lest this obstinacy of theirs in confessing Christ publicly, should be the occasion of some decree against the Christians of the place.

At this time, the King received tidings that a horde of Arabs had invaded his territory and was pillaging it on all sides, wherefore, accompanied by the Infant of Portugal and divers brave knights of his country, he marched against them and gained the victory over them, but pursuing them somewhat too hotly, they got into a valley where was no water, and the thirst they suffered was so terrible that they were well nigh maddened by it.

Now the divine providence had so ordered things that the saints, who in the great confusion caused by the invasion of the Arabs, had escaped from the palace of the Infant, came at that very moment into the aforesaid valley, and seeing how matters stood, they, with great confidence in the power and goodness of God, declared to the army that, if they would be converted, they should have water in plenty, and that if they had been baptized it would not have failed them. But the King cried out that the cause of this calamity was rather the wrath of their prophet, because they had not avenged on these strangers their blasphemies against him. Brother

Bernard, perceiving here an occasion not to be neglected, of making known the glory of God, dug a little hollow in the ground with a stick, when immediately there gushed forth so plentiful a fountain that all the army, together with their horses and camels, had enough to slake their thirst, and, likewise, there was a supply to take for the march. And as soon as they had filled the water vessels the fountain dried up, and all the soldiers, both Moors and Christians, threw themselves at the feet of the friars, kissing their habits, and honouring them as saints of God, Miramolin alone remaining hardened, like another Pharaoh. There was present a certain priest of their sect, who had previously disputed with Brother Bernard, and been secretly convinced by his arguments, and now, witnessing this great miracle, this man left the army, and was never more heard of.

Notwithstanding all this, the Infant, knowing the King's anger to be greatly enkindled against the saints, had them taken back to his palace, and guarded as before. Once again, however, they escaped, because those Christians in whose charge they were would not, through reverence, use much restraint towards them. On their recapture this time, they were committed to a certain Abozaide, one of the chief officers of the Court, whose orders were, to make an example of these stubborn offenders by a cruel death. But see how all fell out quite otherwise; for that Moor, having been a witness of the miracle just related, did, so soon as the King quitted the city for a space, with the connivance of the Prince, who leaned to the Christians, and by the help of the Infant, procure that they were sent to Ceuta, from which place they escaped the very first night, and returning to Morocco, preached against Mahomet with redoubled fervour, which so incensed the people, that hauling and dragging them along with blows and kicks, as though they had been brute beasts, they brought them before the chief officer of justice of the kingdom, urging him to condemn them without further delay. Thus did those intrepid servants of God stand before the judgment-seat, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces all torn and bleeding from the blows they had received. And being called upon by the judge to give an account of themselves and their errand, they made reply that they had come thither in obedience to His command Who is the Creator, Redeemer, and Lord of all, that they should go forth and show their blindness and folly to those who were in the way of error. At this, the judge roughly bade them say what that way was which they held for the way of truth. Then Brother Otho, filled with the Holy Ghost, made answer—"Jesus Christ is that one only way whereby men may come to His holy faith, which is to believe in one God in three Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that Christ is God and Man, true God and true Man, born of the Virgin Mary, and that in His Sacred Humanity He redeemed mankind, which, by the sin of Adam, was before lost, and that therein He lived with men, taught them, and died on the Cross for them, paying their debts with His own Blood, and rose again to take us all to that heaven whence He shall once again come to judge all men. Then no strength, no riches, no rank, will stand any man in stead, but he will have to appear naked and alone before his Judge, with the good and evil works that he hath done, according to which shall his doom be." "And how," asked the judge, with a mocking smile, "knowest thou all this, and what is the proof of it?" Then Brother Otho spoke of the witness of the Sacred Scriptures, of the fulfilment of prophecies, of the miracles of our Blessed Lord, and of His holy martyrs, confessors, and virgins. "Away then," he said, "with this vile and accursed faith

of your false prophet, and embrace ours, which is confirmed by so many signs and wonders of God. Break this snare in which your feet are entangled, tear away this bandage wherewith your eyes are blinded, and give an entrance in your heart to the Holy Spirit, Who will fill it with light and strength, and work in you things which no human speech can tell, and by your means open the door of salvation to all this people." But the judge, fearing the effect of this discourse upon the bystanders, cut it short, and bade the friars choose between embracing the faith of Mahomet, and cruel torments even to death. Then Brother Otho replied that our Lord forewarned them not to fear those who could kill the body only, but rather Him Who can destroy both body and soul in hell, and that they alone shall be crowned who persevere to the end. Moreover, he said that the patience of their tormentors would be sooner wearied than the cheerfulness with which they would suffer all things for the love of God.

The judge then gave orders that they should be taken one by one and cruelly beaten, and after their wounds had been rubbed with salt and vinegar, that they should be handed over to the fury of the populace, that they might avenge the outraged honour of their prophet. It would be too long to tell all the savagery and cruelty exercised by those barbarians on their victims, whom they dragged along the ground over sharp stones and pieces of broken glass, while they ceased not all the time to confess and praise the sweet name of Jesus. In the end they were thrown into prison, more than half dead, and there they spent the night in thanking God, and encouraging each other to suffer bravely for His sake. And that good and gracious God, looking down from heaven upon His dear servants, was pleased to console them by His divine presence, and to appear to them in a radiant light, filling their souls with such sweetness, that all their sufferings were forgotten as though they had never been. This bright light was seen by the guards with an appearance of many shadows of persons moving in it, so that they suspected that in some way the saints had been conveyed out of prison, and going with all speed to a certain good Christian named Pedro Hernando, who was also a prisoner, they told him how that they had seen the holy men rising towards heaven in a glory of light; and he, understanding it to be some vision, bade them fear nothing, for that he had heard them singing praises to God all night. And they, hastening to the prison, found them there, as full of joy and contentment as though nothing had befallen them.

Now when the King knew all these things, he doubted with himself whether he should endeavour to turn the saints to his false faith, or should condemn them to death. But the Infant, foreseeing what the end would be, sent at once to the Governor, praying him to let their bodies be given to the Christians for burial, and not abandoned to the fury of the Moors, which thing he promised. Meanwhile, the friars were taken before the King, who thus accosted them—"Now that you are here before me, choose whether you will die as my enemies, or live as my chosen and honoured friends." They with great serenity made answer, that none could doubt them to be already his friends, seeing that they had come from a far country, with their lives in their hands, for love of his soul and those of his people. But he turned away, filled with fury, and betook himself to his private chamber, there to take counsel with himself how to deal with these men, over whom neither fair nor harsh words had any power. While they, praising God for the grace He had given them to remain hitherto unshaken in constancy, began to preach in that very audience chamber to all those present, without

heeding the blows and buffets which the infidels ceased not to give them.

One of the bystanders was a Moorish knight, very high in the King's favour, who, desiring to prove whether by gentle speech he might prevail with the servants of God, adjured them to listen to his lord, who, notwithstanding he had endured so many insults from them, and so many blasphemies which they had spoken against the great prophet, yet was willing to spare their lives. This blind infidel greatly extolled that archdeceiver, saying that his holy law had been given to him by God Himself, and that by his intercession they would gain great glory in heaven, if only they would consent to embrace his faith. Now, Brother Otho, not enduring to hear more, exclaimed with a holy indignation—"Avant, Satan; and know that we are worshippers of the true God alone. Think of thy own miserable soul, which will be lost eternally unless thou leavest this accursed way; and trouble not thyself for us, who have chosen a sure and certain road to heaven." Saying this, he spat twice on the ground in token of his abhorrence of Mahomet and his sect, and the Moor, not daring to draw his sword, because to use arms in the royal palace was as much as a man's life was worth, struck Brother Otho on the cheek, saying—"Take that; and learn another time to keep silence." Then that true disciple of Jesus said, "God pardon thee, my brother," and offered him the other cheek, saying that he was ready to suffer all things for the love of God; at which new sort of vengeance all present marvelled much as at a thing wholly unknown indeed to the world, and only practised by God's faithful servants. By this time the King came again into the audience chamber, resolved to make one last attempt on the virtue of the saints. So dismissing all save a few of his most favoured courtiers, he sent for five very fair maidens, and presented them to the holy men, saying—"See here the greatness of our clemency; for perceiving that you are well nigh mad through the poverty and misery which is shown by your wretched garments, we are minded, in our royal liberality, to give these maidens to you for wives, and to bestow on each of them a noble dowry, on condition of your embracing our holy faith, as so many wise men have done." Hearing these words, the saints stopped their ears, and cried out—"O miserable man, the carnal delights thou offerest are so many snares to draw the soul to hell. Know that we have fled from all such transitory pleasures to enjoy eternal ones in the sight of God. For thee, too, sinner as thou art, are those joys prepared; for our Lord Jesus Christ died on the Cross for thee no less than for us. Oh, turn to Him, and forsake thy evil life, and accept the blessings He offers thee."

The King, perceiving that he could do nothing, and enraged at being thus foiled, said, "Miserable men, you shall learn what it is to insult the name of the prophet and the dignity of my crown. With mine own hands will I avenge myself and him." Never had those men beloved of God heard news so joyful as this; and their souls overflowed with sweetness and consolation at finding themselves almost at the goal, and within reach of the reward so long coveted. They were led, by order of the King, into the public square, where he, arming himself with a huge scimitar, clove all the five, one after another, from the crown to the chin, and afterwards struck off their heads, taking withal a devilish joy in seeing the great streams of blood which flowed from the bodies of the martyrs, each of whom received his death-stroke kneeling and praying for his murderer; and so they gave their souls to God, in the year of our Lord 1220, and the third of

the Pontificate of Pope Honorius the Third, on the 16th day of January, not quite seven years before the death of the glorious father, St. Francis ; and they were the firstfruits of his order that he sent to heaven.

At that very hour, as the Infanta Doña Sancha was fervently praying in her chamber, they appeared to her bright and shining as the sun, bearing in their hands a scimitar in token of triumph, and thus they spoke to her —“O faithful handmaid of the Most High, it has pleased Him, in recompence of those good words with which thou didst encourage us, and speed us forth to win our crowns, to permit us to visit thee in that same guise in which we gained them, and to promise to be thy advocates in heaven.” And having said this they vanished, leaving the Infanta greatly comforted. Afterwards she built a church in that same place where she had had this vision, that God might be ever honoured in His saints.

But to return. Those poor bodies with the severed heads lay there in the square, a prey to the fury of the infidels, who treated them with the utmost brutality, even rolling those sacred heads one against the other, like so many balls ; and when the Christians sought to get possession of them, they were assailed with showers of stones, and hardly could they escape with their lives and shut themselves in their houses ; their doing so, indeed, was no natural thing, but a miracle, wrought by those holy martyrs. Then those barbarians cast their bodies into certain foul parts of the city, whither the Infant sent two brave knights of his to bear them off ; but they not only failed to do so, but laid down their lives in this service so sweet and well-pleasing to our Lord. Neither was the fury of the Moors herewith sated, but they craved the King's leave to burn all the bodies together. Now, when a great fire had been made and those holy relics cast therein, the flames had no power to touch them, as may be seen by one of the heads which is in the Church of Santa Cruz at Coimbra, of which even the hair is perfect and unsinged. But, far from being stricken by remorse at this, their rage seemed to be redoubled ; for now they sought, by cutting them into small pieces, to scatter them so that they should be lost. Then there broke forth such a terrible storm of wind and hail with most vivid lightnings that they fled to their homes in far greater fear than the Christians had done before ; and so the faithful were able to collect the holy relics by the light of those flashes, and to carry them to the Infant, for they dared not keep them in their own houses. Even some few small portions which they had overlooked were recovered ; for the Moors, whose greed of gain is equal to their cruelty, themselves brought them to the Christians, who bought them of them.

The Infant had prepared very costly vessels for the reception of the relics, but, first of all, it was necessary to dry them, so that they might be conveyed to Portugal, and with this intent he confided them to John Ruberto, a canon of Santa Cruz at Coimbra, his chaplain and confessor, and a very devout religious, and to three very innocent and virtuous young pages of his, who were to assist in the work. These youths were not allowed to leave the house during this time, lest by so much as a thought they should profane the sanctity of the relics.

It pleased our Lord from the first to work miracles by their means, of which these are some. There was a certain knight, named Pedro della Rosa, who, although he was then living in mortal sin, not considering how unworthy he was to approach those holy relics in that state, did rashly venture so to do, but he had not gone half-way up the staircase leading to the chamber where they were, than he became suddenly crippled and unable to

stir, till, struck by remorse, he confessed to the aforesaid chaplain, and imploring the intercession of the holy martyrs, promised to amend his evil life, and so, by the mercy of God, he gradually regained the use of his limbs, only his speech was gone, nor could he utter a word till, at the command of the Infant, one of the martyrs' heads was laid on his breast, and thereby he was fully restored.

A certain esquire in the service of the Infant had many times touched certain of the relics, which were placed on a shield of his to dry, without suffering any punishment, because, he being in the grace of God, He was not displeased at this, but it chanced that one day, being tempted, he fell into mortal sin, and afterwards, on attempting to touch the holy relics, the shield was miraculously raised to such a height from the ground that it was impossible for him to reach it, whereupon the young man confessed without delay, and returning to the chamber where the relics were, and humbly kneeling before them, the shield descended to the ground, and he was suffered to turn them as before so that the sun might fall on them. These things filled those about the Court of the Infant with such a wholesome fear of offending God that, thenceforth, no one who was not in His grace dared so much as enter the palace.

Now when the relics were sufficiently prepared, and reverently placed by the Infant in two magnificent caskets, most richly adorned with silver and gold, he many times asked the King's leave to depart, but in vain, for not only did he refuse him permission, but listened to the counsel of the Moors to kill him and all the Christians in his dominions, and he continued stubborn for some time, till it pleased God miraculously to soften his heart, so that he sent for the Infant, and told him that he was free to go whithersoever he listed. He therefore caused a mule to be laden with the caskets, and straightway began his journey with all his followers, misdoubting lest the King might change his mind, and for this reason he travelled in such haste, that having left all the usual places of refreshment far behind, he was forced to pass the night in an uninhabited place called Arozza, which was so infested by lions that all those who saw them pass that way made sure that that night would be their last. The Infant was not ignorant of the reputation of the place, but he had such faith in the relics of which he was in charge, that as soon as the roars of those savage beasts were heard approaching, he gave orders that the caskets should be laid in the way by which the lions must come, and no sooner were they within sight of those sacred relics than they fled swiftly from the place, and were never again known to appear there.

Meanwhile, King Miramolin, having heard that the relics were taken away, sent a troop of light horsemen in pursuit of the Infant. And now two wonderful things came to pass. First the Infant, by the inspiration of God, did as they of old had done when they left the oxen bearing the ark of the covenant to choose their own way; and the mule, thus left to itself, turning out of the straight road, and miraculously choosing a steep mountain path, baffled the pursuers. But this was not all; for when they, riding very swiftly, reached another road, where they were both seen and heard by the Christians, God, by His divine omnipotence, so blinded them that they were utterly unable to find the path which led straight to those they sought. And so, filled with a great confusion and astonishment, the Moors turned back, having, against their will, been made to manifest the glory of the saints of God and of God in His saints. As for the Infant and his men, they, praising the goodness of the Lord, arrived safely at Ceuta,

where they were received with great joy and gladness. Here he embarked on board a ship which he had in readiness, and sailed for Seville. Now, in the night, which was very dark and starless, they were on the point of striking on a rock, and would doubtless have perished but for the help which God granted them by the merits of those precious relics, for just as the danger was imminent, so brilliant a light suddenly shone in the sky as showed them the rock, and so they escaped the peril.

Meanwhile, a messenger had come to the King of Seville, charging him to send the Infant prisoner to Morocco, and to put all his followers to death, which news reaching him before he arrived at Seville, he instead of landing there, continued his course towards Galicia, and thence travelled to the kingdom of Leon, where reigned his cousin Alfonso, who had left Portugal for the reasons before mentioned. Here he went to the house of a friend of his in the city of Astorga, who for thirty years had been afflicted with a grievous sickness, and deprived of the use of his limbs, whom he besought to address himself with confidence to those holy relics of which he was the bearer, telling him the wonders that God had wrought by their means. And this poor man, not being able to say a word (for his sickness had taken from him the power of speech), knelt down and prayed in his heart with such a lively faith, that he was, in that instant, healed of all his infirmities. As he was not able himself to go to Portugal, the Infant sent the relics to Coimbra in charge of a good and noble knight, named Alfonso Perez de Acuña, and several others. King Alfonso, with his wife, Doña Urraca, sent a messenger to meet them and desire them to wait, for that he, with all the clergy and nobility, intended going forth to meet the holy relics with all suitable reverence and solemnity; which when they had done, they followed the mule which bore them, and which was still left to take its own way, to the Monastery of Santa Cruz, at the gate of which it stopped and refused to stir till it was opened. No sooner was this done, than the mule walked straight to the high altar, before which it knelt down, waiting till the relics should be taken from its back. Now the King's design had been to deposit the relics in the principal church of the city, but seeing in this a sure token that it was the will of God that they should rather abide in that monastery, he had a very superb chapel erected, with a shrine, in which nearly all the relics were laid: what remained were sent, part to a Franciscan monastery, and part to a convent, of which the Infanta, his sister, was abbess.

The writer of the narrative here mentions that a great number of miracles were wrought by the intercession of the martyrs, and he attributes to them the "conversion" of the great saint of whom we shall presently have to speak.

Now, too, was fulfilled that revelation which had been made to the holy martyrs concerning the death of Doña Urraca, which has already been related. It is also to be found in the legends of Santa Cruz, where it is said that she begged them, with many tears, to learn from God whether she or the King should be the first to die. After much hesitation they yielded to her entreaties, and it was revealed to them, in answer to their prayers, that their relics should be brought from Morocco to Coimbra, and that whichever should first meet them, she or the King, should also pass first to another life. Now this secret the Queen kept very close, and when the day came

that the relics were brought to Coimbra, and waited, according to the King's command, till he should go to meet them, she, being overcome by the fear of death, and likewise something too much affecting the things of this world, prayed her husband to go forward, while she would follow more leisurely. Now it fell out that on his way the King met with a hunting party, which he joined, and for a good time followed the chase, so that when the Queen set forth she supposed him to have reached the appointed place some hours since, and made sure that it would not be her lot to die before him. But when she found him not yet arrived she cried out—"Oh, how impossible is it for any to escape the judgment of God, and how are they who would deceive others themselves deceived!" And then and there she declared what God had shown to the holy martyrs. Not long after this, she fell ill of that sickness which ended in her death ; and one night, as Don Pedro Nuñez, canon of the Cathedral of Coimbra, a most devout religious, and the Queen's confessor, was in the choir, he saw a great number of friars minor entering in procession, and anon they began most sweetly to sing matins. He, marvelling greatly how they had entered (for the doors were locked) drew near to one of them and asked who they were, and how they came there—"We are friars minor," he answered, "and it has pleased God to show thee this vision, because thou art Queen Urraca's confessor, and a man fearing God. He who walks first of us all, and whose aspect is so glorious, is our blessed father, St. Francis, whom thou hast so greatly desired to behold in this life ; and those five who follow him are the five martyred by the hand of Miramolin, King of Morocco, and whose bodies lie in this church. Know, further, that the Queen has passed from this life to a better ; and because she always greatly loved our order, our Lord Jesus Christ has sent us here to pray for her soul : doubt not the truth of this that I tell thee, for so soon as we have left the church tidings of her death shall be brought thee." And so, when they had ended matins, that bright procession vanished, and immediately a messenger arrived with the news of Queen Urraca's death.

Think not that that wicked King and his people escaped the vengeance of God. That same year, the right hand and arm which he had impiously lifted against the saints of the Lord, and even the whole of his right side, were withered by palsy ; and for the chastisement of his subjects, there fell no rain in that country for three whole years, and there ensued a great dearth, and many deaths of men and beasts, besides a pestilence which lasted five years, according to the number of those holy martyrs, so that the greater part of the inhabitants died. It being now plain to the King and to all that this was a scourge sent by God to avenge the slaughter of His servants, it was resolved to implore His clemency in that same place wherein their martyrdom had been. And there all the people assembling, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, entreated the intercession of those blessed martyrs. And no sooner had they done so, than a gentle and copious rain fell, and the dearth and sickness gradually passed away. And the King granted leave to the Christians to have a bishop residing there ; only he was to be of the Order of St. Francis. And a church was built, where our holy faith was openly preached, and the sacraments administered.

So runs the story of the Five Friars of St. Francis. It is as well to understand, though their mission may seem to have been ultimately unfruitful, and their blood shed almost in vain, yet that the saints set so high a value upon the crown of martyrdom

as to have very often sought and courted it for its own sake, apart from the good which might result to others from their preaching at such a risk. This may be considered as an elementary principle with those who have been called to the high office of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and the story of these friars may be taken as embodying this principle in the simplest and most naked manner. It contains also another great principle which belongs to the same order of truths. For it is a significant truth that these five martyrs brought to the seraphic Order of St. Francis a recruit far greater than themselves, as St. Stephen won St. Paul to the faith, who was so far to surpass the labours of his former fellow-disciple. When the relics of these martyrs were brought to Coimbra, they were placed in the Church of Santa Cruz, of which a certain Hernando Martino Buglioni was one of the regular Augustinian canons. He conceived a great devotion to these holy friars, and felt himself so strongly moved to aim at their crown, that he obtained leave to become a Franciscan friar, and after a time set out for Morocco. A storm drove his ship to Sicily, and he soon after had to go to Italy for the chapter of the order. He is now known in the Church as the great St. Antony of Padua.

Studies in Biography.

I.—THE FIRST DISCIPLE OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

IN the first decade of the sixteenth century, a little village named Villaret, among the rugged mountains of Savoy, was the birthplace and home of a sweet, simple-minded child, who was destined to make the names of both famous in the Church of God. He was the son of sturdy Catholic peasants, perhaps rather higher in the social scale than those who would pass for peasants now, when the distance between class and class has become stiffer and greater than of old. The family owned a piece of mountain ground, and worked for their bread, while at the same time they could become doctors and priests, and fill the small but trusty municipal offices which the administration of the village required. The family name was Favre, and the boy had been christened Peter. He learnt his religion from his mother first, and was precocious in his piety. He was not much more than seven when he was set to tend his father's sheep, like David, though not quite in a wilderness. The long hours of solitude helped his natural thoughtfulness and developed his piety. He had never too much to eat, but he began to fast strictly at this time, twice in the week. In after years, when he became more famous, traditions were traced up to the time of his childhood which bear witness to his piety and holiness. A spring, always called after him, the waters of which are never known to fail, was said to have sprung from the ground that he might water his sheep. It was said also—the same story meets us in the lives of other shepherd children who have become saints—that he would leave his sheep gathered round the spring, and run off to hear Mass, and that they never strayed in his absence.

Another thing noted about the child was his zeal for souls. He used to gather the children like himself together, preach to them, teach them how to say their prayers, and instruct them in the Christian doctrine. Nay, on festivals he used to mount a

stone in the village and preach to the simple people, who gladly listened to the child apostle, and made a collection of little presents, such as nuts and apples, to give him at the end. Besides his zeal for souls, another remarkable feature in his character was his zeal for learning. His father meant to keep him to the shepherd life, but, as he tells us himself, he was not fit for temporal business; at all events, he begged and cried to be allowed to go to school. When we can estimate all the mischief that indolence and idleness cause to children and others, we shall be able to understand how Peter Favre was grateful to God for having given him such a love for letters. His parents at last made up their minds to the effort, and sent him to Thonon, a few miles off, and afterwards to the College of La Roche, where he fell under the care of a certain holy priest, Peter Veillard by name, who taught the classics in such a spirit as to make them seem Christian, or witness to Christianity, without making his scholars less perfect in their taste, their easy command of the language, or their appreciation of the beauties of those great masters of the human mind. Peter Favre was an apt scholar of such a master. At twelve years old he made a vow of perpetual chastity. After nine years under this good master, he was advised by him to go to the University of Paris to study philosophy. His parents' narrow means seemed to forbid the attempt, but Peter urged his cause so earnestly, and was so well received by an uncle, a Carthusian friar, who perhaps assisted him with more than words, that the father and mother gave way, and the youth started for Paris in the autumn of 1525, being then nineteen years of age.

It is a peculiarity of the history of the Society of Jesus, that the lives of its first great men can hardly be written without repetition at the outset, on account of the singular manner in which their careers all start from the University of Paris and the little chapel at Montmartre. From nineteen to thirty-one is a large slice out of the lives of most men, and especially of men who die soon after they are forty, as was the case with Peter Favre. Yet such was the length of time which he spent in the University of Paris, except that he once left it to pay a short visit to his home. Those years include that part of his life during which his character was finally formed and his vocation decided. Everywhere, and always afterwards, he was the student of the College of St. Barbara, as men who have lingered at one of our Universities for some years after taking

their degree, are for the rest of their lives Oxford or Cambridge men. The story of Favre's intimacy, first with Francis Xavier, whose room he shared, and afterwards with Ignatius of Loyola, whom he assisted in his studies in philosophy, has often been told in the lives of the two saints, as well as the histories of the Society of Jesus. It was the tenderness and scrupulosity of his conscience, which caused him to be haunted with the idea that his former confessions were bad, that first drove Favre to open himself to Ignatius, who had had long experience of such trials in his own case, and knew how to meet them. Moreover, at this time Favre was uncertain as to his vocation, and could not make up his mind whether to serve God in religion or in the world. He was disturbed by temptations to vanity and gluttony, as well as to others still more common and degrading, all of which he ultimately overcame. He found the peace of his soul after one general confession to a Dr. Castro, and then took up, at the advice of Ignatius, the habit of weekly confession and communion. We are told by his earliest biographer, Orlandini, and, indeed, it is stated by Favre himself, that St. Ignatius built up the great edifice of the sanctity of that simple soul on the broad plain foundation of self-examination.

"If any one asks," says Orlandini, "—to end my story with a thing that should not be placed among the last—from what beginnings sprang that great sanctity of Peter Favre, I will say in a few words what I have heard from our oldest fathers, that, when they marvelled at his giant strides, and his great progress in perfection, they had heard from the mouth of Araoz, a man of much consideration, who has been mentioned above as having been for a long time Favre's companion at the Court of Prince Philip. These old fathers said that Ignatius in his exquisite prudence, the teacher given by God to guide so many, having penetrated the inclinations of this pupil of his, did not all at once give him the method of meditation and contemplation of the mysteries of God, as was his wont with others; but that first he practised him for two whole years, as if he were a beginner and in a noviceship, in examining every day his own words and deeds and thoughts, and in considering very carefully his actions and his duty. Then he taught him to watch principally against those sins and vicious inclinations which gave him most trouble, setting himself to fight against them, not all at once, nor many together, but one at a time, or, at least, few, and especially with that which reigned in his mind—a thing which we find mentioned especially of the Abbot Serapion, in the Collations of the Fathers. He also directed him to set himself entirely to the acquirement of one particular virtue, to practise it frequently and use it, and so gain the habit of it. On this foundation then did Favre raise the tower of Evangelical perfection to that height which we all admire so much, and he grew in virtue to such an extent that human thought can hardly comprehend it. So great had become, by the help of God's grace, the examiner of his own soul" (*Vita*, l. ii., c. 28, fin.).

We pass rapidly over these happy University years. The chief outward event which broke in upon their quiet and fruitful course was the visit which Peter Favre paid in 1533 to his native village, Villaret, where he remained for seven months, consoling his father—his mother had been for some time dead—confirming the good neighbours in their staunch adherence to the Catholic faith, which was exposed to many dangerous attacks from Geneva, the headquarters of heresy, and giving many beautiful examples of charity and other virtues. He was then in his twenty-seventh year, and had not as yet entirely completed the long theological course which in those days was considered necessary, and the admirable fruits of which we see in his after life and in the lives of his companions, whether their lot was to argue in the Council of Trent or to meet the objections of the bonzes on the distant shores of Japan. He returned to Paris towards the end of the year, and was then allowed by St. Ignatius to make the Exercises for the first time. He made them in the depth of a winter so severe that the Seine was frozen so hard as to bear carts; and yet he spent many hours a day in an open court, there meditating the divine truths of the Exercises; without a fire in his room, and using his pile of fuel as an uneasy bed. It was now also that he made his wonderful fast from all food for six days, which was interrupted by the express order of Ignatius, and which delivered him for ever from the violent temptations to gluttony which he had before experienced. In 1534 he received all the sacred orders, and said his first Mass on the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, for whom he always retained a particular devotion. This same year witnessed the first meeting of the first disciples of Ignatius at Montmartre, on the feast of the Assumption, when the first vows were made, Favre, the only priest in the little company, saying the Mass and giving communion to the rest. The happy life of this little community, made up of the choicest scholars of the University, each one of whom but a short time before had thought himself the only sharer of the great designs of Ignatius, has often been described. They were to remain rather more than two years longer in Paris that all might finish their studies, and then go, in order to fulfil their vow as to the Holy Land, to Venice, there to seek the means of transport to Palestine. During the greater part of the two years and more which passed before they

started on their journey to Italy, Favre was the father and quasi-superior of the rest, Ignatius having gone to Spain in 1535, and having passed thence to Venice without returning to Paris; and it was under his guidance that Le Jay, Paschase Brouet, and Codure were joined to the original band. When it became known that Favre was about to leave Paris, great opposition was made to his determination, and one of the doctors of the University undertook to prove that he could not carry out his resolution without sin, so great was the certain good which might be looked for from his presence and influence in the University.

From this time the life of Peter Favre goes on in the general current of that of his companions till the year 1539, when he was sent from Rome to Parma in the train of the Cardinal of St. Angelo, Legate of the duchy. Two years before, the little band of companions, leaving Ignatius at Venice, had made their first appearance in Rome, had received the blessing and approval of the Pope, who sent them back to Venice, with a hint that he did not think it likely that they would be able to execute their project of going to the Holy Land, and with leave for those of them who were not yet priests to be ordained by any bishop. The ordinations had been followed by three months of retirement, and then, as the voyage to the East was clearly impossible on account of the war between Venice and the Turks, they had first dispersed themselves in some of the chief Italian cities, and finally reassembled in Rome, where they were distributed among various large churches as preachers, Favre and Xavier being companions in that of St. Lorenzo in Damaso. Favre also had to give lectures in Sacred Scripture in the University of the Sapienza. The year 1538 was that in which the calumnies against Ignatius and his companions were industriously circulated in Rome, and in which they were finally and triumphantly delivered from them by the sentence of the Inquisition. It was then also that they made themselves so conspicuous for their charity in the time of the great scarcity with which Rome was visited.

Parma was the chief scene of Favre's activity till the autumn of the following year, 1540, when he was sent into Germany to the Conference at Worms. He laboured in the neighbourhood, and made an excursion to Brescia, and was for three months at a

time confined to his bed by sickness. The effect of his presence at Parma was wonderful, and was felt long after he had left, never to return. He found religion in a very decayed and decaying state, the sacraments unfrequented to such an extent that he was even preached against for introducing the custom of monthly or weekly confession and communion, the clergy relaxed, the convents and monasteries out of order, the Word of God seldom preached, the Christian doctrine not taught. Such was the state of the countries in Europe in which religion was supposed to remain as yet untainted by the rising heresies of the time. Parma was in no sense in a bad state as compared with other cities in Italy, perhaps, as compared with Rome itself; the state of things was the result of the negligence and corruption of generations, and it was far worse on the other side of the Alps. No one can doubt for a moment of the general need of a Catholic reformation, and it was the sense of the want of this, and of the fitness of the members of the band gathered round Ignatius of Loyola, with their great learning, piety, disinterestedness, and burning devotion to the Church, which insured their welcome as the instruments just then most needed by those whose position exacted from them the grave responsibility of providing for the Church in the terrible crisis through which she was passing. Such is the real history of the immense success of the early Jesuits. What occurred in Parma during the year and a half of Favre's residence there was, in general, what happened elsewhere, almost everywhere where the Jesuits set their foot; but the results there were no doubt shaped and coloured by the character of the man himself, and they belong in consequence to his particular history. We are struck at first sight by two things, which recur continually in other passages of his short and brilliant career. In the first place, though things were very bad as to the decadence of religion, there was an immense force of latent good, which seemed only to require to be appealed to, in order to show itself and its influence in the direction of general reformation. Such is ordinarily the state of a people which has fallen asleep over the tranquil possession of religion, whose ministers are mainly to blame for the general apathy. The other remarkable feature in the case is the irresistible attractiveness which seems to have made Favre, at Parma and elsewhere, all through the years of his active ministry, the master of the hearts of those across whom he came. The very name and notion of a reformer are displeasing to tepid

Christians, and to none more than to ecclesiastics, on whose indolence, worldliness, or laxity, reproach is cast alike by the words of a preacher of renovation and by the example of his life. And yet, here as elsewhere, Favre seems to have made his way with the ecclesiastics first, and then with the people.

It could not have been a merely natural gift which thus insured his success. Affable, amiable, gentle, winning, attractive, he doubtless was by nature; but qualities of this kind are not enough to bring about conversions, to make tepid priests and disorderly laymen renounce their lax or vicious courses, and join in a crusade in favour of strictness, purity of life, zeal for the salvation of the souls of others, and for the glory of God's name in all that relates to divine worship and the public observance of His law. Favre possessed a truly Apostolic gift in this respect; his weapons no doubt were wonderfully efficacious, and they were wielded by the hand of a master. Sermons, exhortations, the Spiritual Exercises, and last but by no means least, private conversations, all of which tended to the observance of the duties of the state of each, the frequenting of the sacraments, and the practice of mental or oral prayer—it was by means such as these that the city insensibly came to change its face so much that public opinion and common custom came round to the support of strictness, and men were as much remarked upon if they did not go often to confession and communion, as they had at first been marked for criticism if they did do so. The Exercises had a wonderful effect in producing this change and making it permanent. Favre was said by St. Ignatius to excel all men in his dexterity in managing this difficult and most delicate instrument of grace. In Parma every one was desirous of making the Exercises under his guidance, and when a man had once been through them, he became their teacher and propagator to others, and they were thus handed on and their effects widely spread. We find mention also, at Parma, of large numbers of persons going into retreat together, a practice which seems to have begun about this time, if this was not the first instance of it. It is clear that Favre could hardly have communicated the whole system and course of the Spiritual Exercises to so many persons indiscriminately, and we must probably understand that in cases of this kind he confined himself to the meditations of the first week and those on the Passion of our Lord. The permanence of his work was secured by the manner in which he worked downwards through the

regular system of the Church, from the priests and religious to the laity in general, by the regulations which he introduced as to the frequentation of the sacraments, and as to the regular preaching of the Word of God and teaching the Christian doctrine. He induced several priests to give themselves up to this work, and established a confraternity of laymen, to which he gave a set of recommendations, which may as well be inserted here as a specimen of his method—

I would not have you misled by the false notion, that in order to grow in godliness you require any sustenance other than that which has heretofore served to maintain you therein. Such was not the opinion or teaching of the philosopher, who, treating of bodily aliment, asserts that the substances suitable for the nourishment of our bodily frames, avail likewise for the increase of the same. Taught as you have been, by your own experience, that the holy exercises you are wont to perform are most efficacious in fostering the spirit of piety, you must needs be convinced that they will be of no less use in forwarding its increase. Among these you will ever chiefly prize the frequent partaking of that heavenly Bread, the soul's choicest food, whence the angels and spirits of the blessed continually draw their nourishment. This Bread is far more necessary for the life of the soul than that we daily break for our bodily sustenance. You will, in like manner, value your devout practices, such as calling oneself daily to account, getting rid of sin by confession, meditating on the things of God and the truths that concern salvation, and lastly, assiduity in works of mercy. If by these several practices you have made any progress in self-knowledge or in the love of God and your neighbour, be assured that, in order to advance in the ways of Christ, you must persevere in these works with ever increasing fervour and diligence.

Your daily life may be ordered as follows—Every evening, before retiring to rest, kneel down, and think over the four lasts things: the day of death, the final Judgment, the pains of hell, and the glories of Paradise. And I should like you to give as much time to meditating on one or other of these things, as it would take to recite three times the *Pater noster* and the *Ave Maria*. After this, pass in review your spiritual condition, making your examination on all the actions of the day; and after rendering due thanks to the divine mercy for favours received, be truly penitent for the sins you have committed, and resolve to confess them at a given time, and to a particular confessor. For this is a kind of spiritual confession, when a man finding out his sins, accuses himself of them before God with due sorrow, and with a firm resolution to confess them to the priest on an appointed day. Lastly, you must pray God to give to you and all the living a quiet and peaceful night, and to the dead who are in purgatory, pardon and relief, reciting three *Paters* and *Aves* for this intention.

The same prayers in kind and number you must say on the following morning, that God may keep you and all living men from all stain of sin that day, and may give to the departed some relief from the fires of purgatory. If you have time, you may, before your crucifix, or during Mass, meditate on some point of the life of Jesus Christ, with the desire to conform your life and conduct to that great Model. After the priest has consecrated the Body

of Christ, or when he elevates It in the sight of the people, ask God to grant you the cure of your impurities and tribulations, and the graces you desire, such as fortitude of mind, the knowledge of yourselves, mutual fraternal charity ; and, lastly, that hunger and thirst after justice, which is one of His most precious gifts. You must also ask Jesus Christ to visit your soul in spiritual communion ; and this manner of communicating will increase within you a certain hunger after that sublime mystery, while your soul rejoices, both in the remembrance of having received it not long ago, and in the hope of soon doing so again. This spiritual communion will be an excellent preparation for the Sacrament of the Eucharist, just as the spiritual confession, of which I have spoken, is for the Sacrament of Penance. Nevertheless, I wish every one to keep looking forward to the day, even while it is still distant, on which he is to cleanse his soul by confession, and to nourish it with the food of heaven. Wake up and renew daily in your mind the thought of this sacrament, arranging your time in such a way that you may spend some of the days in thanksgiving for having received it, and the others in preparation for receiving it again. In this way it will be clearly seen that you honour and reverence those holy and venerable mysteries ; otherwise there will be danger either of your not preserving this heavenly food within you, as you ought, or of your not receiving it with becoming eagerness of desire. Do not be wanting to yourselves in this matter, and endeavour to receive these holy sacraments at least once a week.

Now with regard to other devotions, such as prayer, meditation, and the like, take care to direct them according to the following intentions, either to all, or to any one in particular. First to the glory of God and of the saints, then to the good of your own soul, and, lastly, to the profit of others ; thus you will every day by means of these pious duties progress in virtue, such as humility, patience, prudence, and others like these, rendering yourselves by their means more fit to do good work. You will grow in the knowledge and love of God, your charity to men will be increased, and so advancing steadily, as by certain steps, in the spiritual path, you will surely and safely proceed along the way of salvation.

As regards the affairs of this world, and everything concerning the body, you must so regulate your thoughts and intentions that all your bodily occupations and exertions may be directed to the glory of God, your own spiritual good, or that of those for whom you are outwardly labouring. Strive therefore that, working or resting, God may be your first motive, then your own and your neighbour's salvation, and afterwards the welfare of your body and of that of others ; and last of all, the care of your family and whatever may be judged needful for the life and sustenance of the body. Thus there will be no confusion or disorder in your life, so long as worldly goods are made subservient to the body, the body to the soul, the soul to God ; if your gains are made with a view to the necessities of the body ; if the health of the body is considered with reference to the salvation of the soul ; and if the aims of your soul are always guided by the rule of the eternal law. This last then must be the first thing from which you start, and your duties must be arranged in this order : your first duty is to your soul, and then other things may come, always remembering that the good of the soul is to be the final object in everything. We must not be like those who think that they ought to begin from family cares and the interests of the body, and that, when these things are set in order, they will find it easier to attend to their spiritual concerns. In the same way as regards your

neighbour; you should, as far as possible, consider his soul before your body, so that, supposing it were in your power, by the use of one and the same means to save yourselves from the death of the body, and him from that of the soul, you should far more readily think of the danger of the latter, than of the danger of the former: If you observe this order in your actions, you will easily obtain that perseverance in leading a good life which you desire.

These rules may suffice to show the simple practical spirit in which Peter Favre guided souls to God, by means of the frequentation of the sacraments and the simple exercises of prayer and self-examination. The paper just quoted might well be placed side by side with St. Francis Xavier's "Daily Exercise of a Christian,"¹ as showing the teaching of the earliest Fathers of the Society of Jesus, a teaching which has become traditional in it. We may trace in Favre's direction much of the method pursued with himself by St. Ignatius, particularly in the absence of any special injunction of the practice of formal meditation. Those familiar with the Spiritual Exercises will also understand how entirely Favre's instruction is formed in their mould. This time of missionary work, as it may be called, at Parma, is almost unique in the chain of the various labours with which he was engaged during the five years to which his life after this date was limited. He was never afterwards a simple Apostolic preacher in a city where there was no division as to the Faith and no controversy to be carried on with heretical teachers. Favre was one of the most learned men of his age, and he had, as the record of his private thoughts shows us, an instinctive horror of, and shrinking from, heresy as a deadly personal insult to our Lord in His Church. But his mind was not cast in a controversial mould, he loved to look at everything from God's point of view, to see the good in all and lay hold of that; he had little faith in merely intellectual triumphs, and did not believe that the intellect went wrong in any one before the will had become depraved and the morals corrupt. And yet it is certain that the reaction in Germany against the Lutheran heresy and the whole brood of forms of falsehood kindred to that, has Favre as its parent, and must be dated from his journey to Worms and Ratisbon, the Pope's order for which he received while at Parma. From this time forth his work lay chiefly in the two countries of Germany and the Peninsula; and besides the rallying of German Catholicism, which was the effect of his presence in

See *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*, vol. i., p. 306.

the former country, he served the Church in another manner in Spain and Portugal, by conciliating the minds of the sovereigns and men in power, both in Church and State, to the newly instituted Society, of which he may be said to have been, in this sense, the second founder. To these two heads of his work we must add a third—the immense fruit which his personal influence and example produced in the souls of a large number of men of all ages and almost of all conditions, many of them, however, students of universities and priests, already benefited, who entered the Society in Germany or in Spain. The Society of Jesus was at that time the new order, in many respects adapted specially to the needs of the day, wielding a new and wonderfully successful weapon of conversion in the Spiritual Exercises, bringing back the frequentation of the sacraments, restoring purity, strictness, and reverence to the sanctuary, casting abroad freely and gratuitously that Word of God which in many parts of the Christian world had become almost silent, or, at least, dishonoured ; and drawing to itself by an irresistible attraction a whole multitude of generous, ardent, and aspiring hearts by its perfect self-abnegation and its resolute adherence to the example of the great King, in Whose army it aimed at being the band most devoted to His personal companionship. Each generation of Christians has a number of choice and noble souls among its children, and they fly naturally to that part of the battle line of the Church where the flag of the Cross seems to invite the most heroic and chivalrous devotion, especially if around it are grouped a few chosen warriors whose whole character and manner speak with the silent eloquence of sanctity. Any one who reads the history of the Society must see that men flocked into it almost before it was prepared to train them, before its rules were made or constitution arranged, and that in many cases there could be but little novitiate for workers who were needed almost at once in the front line of the battle. Under such circumstances the great unity of spirit, which the early companions of St. Ignatius had learnt in their years of quiet waiting at the University of Paris, was of immense importance in preventing diversities of method and government, and, indeed, in the case of Portugal it did not quite suffice for this result. But the greatest good of all was done by the presence of a man like Peter Favre, who left behind him, wherever he went, the very type and impress of the Exercises, as well as the indescribable

fragrance of a sanctity formed upon them, the winning power of which no well-disposed heart seemed capable of resisting.

Favre made two stays of unequal length in Germany. He was sent, as we have said, in 1540, from Parma, in the midst of his successful work for souls, in the course of which he won several noble hearts to join the Society, the most famous of whom was perhaps Antonio Criminale, who went out to India to St. Francis Xavier, and became the first martyr of the Society of Jesus in the East. The object of Favre's mission to Germany was that he might accompany the Emperor's envoy, Pedro Ortiz, first to the Conference at Worms, and thence to the Diet at Ratisbon. He reached Worms in October, 1540, remaining there till the following January, when he went to Spires, to which city the conference between the Catholics and the Protestants was transferred, and thence to Ratisbon when the Imperial Diet met in April. The Society having been approved, Favre made his solemn profession as one of its religious, in a Church of our Lady, at Ratisbon, on July 9th of that year. Towards the end of the same month he left for Spain, in company with Ortiz.

Favre had no very high opinion, as we have said, of the beneficial effects of simple controversy, and he must have felt, both at Worms and at Spires, that if there are to be public discussions with heretics, it is the worst possible policy to allow them to assume publicly, in the midst of a still Catholic population, a position of equality with and open defiance of the authority of the Church, and still more, to endeavour at the same time to win them over by measures which seem to them to involve a compromise of principle on the Catholic side. We may judge of the miserable state of Germany at the time, from one or two facts which turn up in the narrative of the life of Favre at this point. The first is, that when he arrived at Worms, he found that ten out of the eleven Catholic disputants were half or more than half gained over to the Protestant side, while yet Granvelle, the president of the Conference, would not allow Favre himself to enter the lists with Melancthon; and another is that in a letter written to the Fathers at Rome at this time, he says, "Would to God that there were in this city of Worms as many as two or three priests not living in concubinage, or guilty of other public and notorious crimes!" Still he was not discouraged, and set himself to work at once to reform the manners of the people generally, and especially of the priests. At Spires there was a most

unprofitable argument between Melancthon and Eckius, and the disputation was given up on the approaching assemblage of the Diet at Ratisbon. It was now that Favre began to exercise his wonderful talent of easy attractive conversation, which, together with the Spiritual Exercises, wrought immense changes in a great number of princes, prelates, nobles, and others, leading men of the Empire, through whose means it may truly be said that Favre revived the drooping fortunes of the Church in Germany, and prepared in large measure the great Catholic reaction. We learn also from his biographies and from his own journal, that it was in these journeys into and through Germany that he learnt his beautiful practice of finding in everything he saw, or heard, or met with, a subject of prayer or thanksgiving, and his way of invoking the angel guardians of the towns and villages through which he passed, and the saints venerated in or connected with those places. About this time, he tells us that he fell in with the writings of St. Gertrude, of whom he often reminds us in his spiritual diary, and we may perhaps claim some share in his universal readiness for devotion for the instruction of his early master, Peter Veillard. A man like Favre soon drew round himself all the best spirits of the brilliant assembly at Ratisbon, and in his private memoranda he gives thanks to God for the great good which he was enabled to effect among the great people whom he met there, by hearing their confessions, helping them to set their life in order, and giving them the Spiritual Exercises. They had come to Ratisbon for something different from this; but they carried away from the Diet seeds of good which they had not expected, and which were afterwards to ripen and fructify in their souls. The Duke of Savoy, two Papal Nuncios, many of the greatest Spanish nobles, the Ambassador of the King of Portugal, and a host of others, were among those who became Favre's scholars in spirituality. Some people accused him of witchcraft, and he is said to have desired very much that this accusation should be brought before the Diet by the heretics, some of whom he even hoped to gain over if they would but make trial of the Exercises.

As we have mentioned Favre's desire of gaining over the heretics, we may here insert a letter which he wrote on the method to be pursued with them to Father Laynez, at Worms—

You have more than once written to ask me to trace out some sort of rules for the guidance of those who may desire to labour among heretics for the salvation of others without prejudice to their own. I have not

hitherto answered, for many sufficient reasons. In the first place I have never yet been able to find time for maturing the subject sufficiently, as the concerns I am occupied in leave me no leisure; next, my late illness has so weakened me that it is with difficulty that I can guide my pen; and lastly, nothing that satisfied me came to my mind. However, I will now write down what comes to my pen.

First of all, it is essential that whoever desires to be useful to heretics in our day should both nourish in himself a great affection for them and show it in action, removing from his own mind those unfavourable imaginations which make us think less well of them. The next thing is, to win their goodwill and inclinations to such an extent that they may reciprocate our kind feelings and think well of us. This may easily be done by speaking to them affectionately, and dwelling in familiar conversations on those points only on which they agree with us, avoiding everything like a dispute, in which one side always assumes an air of superiority, and shows contempt of the other. Those subjects should be first chosen in which there is a sympathy and union of wills, rather than those which tend to disunite them by opposition of opinion. These Lutherans are, as the Apostle says, children led away to their destruction. The first thing that they lose is their piety and power of doing good works; after this comes the loss of the true faith. Hence the work of their redemption should begin by replanting in the will good principles leading to right actions, and then go on to those which lead to a right belief. This order of proceeding is the reverse of that which was followed in the early times of the infant Church, when Gentiles were being converted by the faith. Then, the first thing was to convince unbelievers of their errors, and afterwards, with great prudence, lead them on to the ways of living and acting according to the rules of the faith.

Therefore, if it falls to our lot to have the care of the soul of a person whose intellect is darkened by errors, and at the same time whose heart is full of vices, we must first employ every effort and art to heal him of his vices, and then to convince of his errors. A priest once came to me, begging and entreating that I would, if possible, prove to him by sound arguments the falsehood of the opinion which he held, that priests ought to be allowed to marry. When I had heard this I got him, by courtesy and kindness, to open his heart to me, and discovered that his soul had been for many years in a bad state from his being ensnared by love for wicked women. I put the question of his doubts altogether aside for the time, and tried to lead him adroitly to detest his evil ways, and the result was that no sooner had he, by the help of God, abandoned his sin, and dismissed a woman of bad life whom he maintained, than his mind was set free from all doubts, and I heard no more of those errors contrary to the Church's teaching, which had arisen and increased in consequence of his dissolute life.

Since one of the commonest errors of the Lutherans is the ascribing merit to faith alone, denying it altogether to good works, the right way to proceed in the matter of their conversion is to begin by exciting them to the performance of good works, and to come to the question of faith afterwards. Thus, when a heretic denies the Church's power to make the hearing of Mass or reciting the divine office an obligation under pain of grievous sin, we should strive to bring him to practise these and other pious exercises, because he abandoned them before forsaking the faith. Besides this, we

should remember what is the principal prop on which these leaders and teachers of heresy rely in maintaining their errors, in opposition to the precepts of the Church and the rules of the holy Fathers. They say that they have not sufficient strength to obey God, and that the Church's laws and precepts are intolerable to human nature. They ought, therefore, to be encouraged to trust in God with all the energy of their minds, and so make themselves capable, by His help and grace, not only of keeping the precepts, but of advancing to greater and more perfect things.

My own belief is, that if it were possible, by force of learning and ardent zeal, to persuade Luther himself to root out his vicious inclinations and observe the pious practices of the Church, and so to resolve readily on obeying the precepts, he would by these means alone, without any religious controversy, cease to be a heretic. It is nevertheless true that it demands great force of virtue, and much grace from God, to acquire this interior submission of mind and readiness of will ; and, as it is difficult to conceive the existence of such sentiments in these men, steeped as they are in the mire of vice, and wholly estranged from God, there can be little or no hope of bringing them back to a better way. However this may be, it is my opinion that there is more good to be done to the souls of heretics by conversing with them familiarly on the amendment of life, the beauty of virtue, the diligent practice of prayer, the final judgment, eternal punishment, and every subject relating and tending to a reformation of morals, than by confounding them with many arguments and authorities. To sum up the whole briefly, what I say is, that these persons need to be properly incited and encouraged to correct their vicious habits, and to open their hearts to the fear and love of God and the desire of doing good works. By these remedies they will be healed of their spiritual diseases, especially of that disgust for divine things which is found in them, and of their continual mental distraction ; for these are not the least of their spiritual maladies, seeing that they have the effect, not only of blunting the edge of their intellects, but of weakening their whole mental and bodily vigour. May Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of men, Who well knows that it is not in the power of His written Word thoroughly to soften their hearts, deign to touch and move the souls of the heretics by His divine grace !

There can be no question that the method here proposed for dealing with heretics can never, at any time of the Church, be without its immense value and almost certain fruit. At the same time it is plain that it is not only perfectly characteristic of Favre's gentle loving nature, but it has also a peculiar fitness for times such as those in which it was his lot to dispute with the followers of Luther and Melanthon. The names of these unfortunate men come down to us, at the distance of three centuries, with the softening halo of historic renown upon them ; it is hard for us to imagine that Luther and Calvin, for instance, were men so bad as investigation shows them to have been, and as they must have been felt to be by their Catholic contemporaries. In our own time, the parallel to the heretics of whom Favre writes, that if they could but give up their vicious inclinations

and observe the pious practices of the Church and the commandments of God, they would cease to be heretics, is probably to be found among the apostates in Germany and Switzerland, whom Prince Bismarck is doing his best to form into a State Church like that founded by Henry the Eighth in England, rather than among the leaders and teachers of Protestant communities whose separation from the Church dates back to the time of the Reformation. As a general rule, the men with whom we have to deal in countries like our own, have never been led away from the faith by their own passions, but have inherited partial distortions and mutilations of it from their ancestors. In such cases, the open demonstration of the truth and the exposure of error may be expected by the grace of God to have their natural effect in producing conviction, except in cases where pride, or other more degrading passions, have drawn a cloud over the eyes of the soul.

We have said that Favre made his profession as a Father of the Society of Jesus on July the 9th, in the year 1541, in a Church of our Blessed Lady at Ratisbon. His stay in Germany at the time was to be short, as Pedro Ortiz, in whose company he was, had to start for Spain by order of Charles the Fifth. They left Ratisbon on July 27, and reached Madrid after a long and adventurous journey of three months. It is not quite easy to trace the route of the travellers, as Favre mentions Nancy, Marseilles, and Narbonne in a way that seems to imply that he had been in each on his journey, and it is certain that he visited his native village of Villaret in Savoy at this time. Nancy, or its neighbourhood, was the scene of a characteristic adventure. The travellers were discovered to be Spaniards, and seized as prisoners by the garrison of a small fortress, on whom, however, one and all, Favre produced such an impression by his sweet and heavenly manner of conversation that they became as children in his hands, the captain of the fortress went to confession to him, and in a few days set the whole party free without asking any ransom. It was now that Favre paid his last visit, of several days, to his home, family, and neighbours; he was received by them all as a saint, and preached to and exhorted them with the greatest fervour. Here is a characteristic anecdote of this visit.

When they reached Alex, a small village not far from Geneva, they fell in with the noble D. Mark of Arenthon, the lord of the place, who recognized Favre, and courteously invited him to take up his abode in his house, and

rest there for awhile. He stayed there three days, to the infinite consolation of all the family, who were never weary of gathering round him to hear him speak of heavenly things, and of his hopes for the conversion of the German heretics. He never went out during that time, and passed many hours in prayer, either in the solitude of his chamber, or in the chapel of the castle, where he said Mass daily. Wilhelmina d'Arenthon, Mark's daughter, at that time a girl of eighteen, was determined, with some companions of hers, to watch and find out what the father did when he was alone, and not once but many times, she saw him with his face all on fire, quite out of himself, and rapt in an ecstasy. Struck with astonishment, she ran to tell what she had seen to the household, and she always retained so lively a recollection of it, that fifty-five years afterwards she was able to declare it on oath in the Process, always speaking of Favre as "Blessed" or "the Saint."

Favre's work during this short visit to Spain was preaching, hearing confessions, instructing in the Exercises, and the like, whenever he had occasion, but he had a great deal to do with nobles, prelates, and grandes, many of whom he had met at Ratisbon, and in this way he made the Society, its manner of life and object, well known in this country, where before this time considerable prejudice had existed against Ignatius and his followers. He was very soon ordered to return to Germany by the Pope, as his presence was urgently needed to support the Catholic cause against the heretics, and the still more formidable mischief occasioned by Catholics of bad lives, whose lax conduct was undermining their faith. The chief ostensible fruit of his short stay in Spain, which ended with the close of the year 1541, was, that he carried back with him as novices of the Society, two priests who afterwards became highly distinguished, John Aragonio and Alvaro Alfonso, chaplains of the two Princesses, Mary and Jane, and that at Barcelona, where he was detained by bad weather, he made the acquaintance of Francis Borgia, at that time Viceroy of Catalonia, who owed to him his first knowledge of the Society, and his great veneration for the wisdom of Ignatius.

Favre reached Spires again in April, 1542, and for more than two years from this time he was labouring with great success in Spires itself, at Mayence, at Cologne, at Louvain, and elsewhere. At Spires he had to deal with a very strong prejudice which had been raised against him on the news of his return, it having been reported that he was come with Inquisitorial power to reform the clergy by force. Favre soon managed to disabuse the minds of a few of the best of the clergy, and by their means brought round the rest, and the whole town after them. He was a long time at Mayence, with

the Archbishop, Albert of Brandenburg, over whom he gained a great influence, which he used to guide him in many most wholesome measures for the improvement both of clergy and people. It was at Mayence that he fell in with one of his greatest disciples, now known in the annals of the Church as the Blessed Peter Canisius, who was to take up his work in Germany, and to become the great support of the Church in that country. His work at Cologne, which he visited twice, at first for a stay of a few days, was, if possible, to bring back to full loyalty to the faith the Archbishop Hermann, who was inclining to heresy. Hermann listened with great courtesy to the strong remonstrances made to him by Favre on his first visit, and Favre even wrote to the Pope's Nuncio that the work for which he was sent was done, and he might return to Mayence. Afterwards, as it turned out, Hermann relapsed, and even began openly to employ the heretical teachers in his diocese. In the meantime, Favre received orders to prepare to embark for Portugal. The good King of Portugal, John the Third, the friend of St. Francis Xavier (who had sailed for India from Lisbon between two and three years before this time), was about to give his daughter in marriage to Philip, Prince of Spain, and desired two of the Society to accompany her as chaplains, naming Favre as one of the two. Requests of this kind were inconvenient to Ignatius, but King John had done too much for the Society to be refused, and, moreover, at that early stage of the history of the Society, there was often great good to be done by making it known to persons whose power might enable them to further its progress. Favre's way from Cologne to Antwerp took him through Louvain, where there were a large number of young men among the students of the University who were only waiting the influence of his presence and example to enrol themselves as novices of the Society. Francis Strada, whom Favre had known at Brescia some years before, was now at Louvain, preaching with great effect, though not yet a priest. Favre was detained at Louvain many weeks by a serious illness, during which he carried on a sort of apostolate from his sick-bed, and the illness lasted long enough for letters to reach him countermanding his voyage to Portugal, whither he was to send on a number of young students for the new College of Coimbra, returning himself to Cologne, where the Archbishop was again going wrong, more fatally than before. This was at the end of 1543.

Favre spent the first half of 1544 at Cologne, labouring in every possible way in support of the Catholic cause, and with so much success, as to drive Bucer and Melancthon out of the city by his controversy with them. In July, he left Cologne, the order to go to Portugal being renewed, and sailed from a port near Antwerp for Lisbon, which he reached towards the end of August. He did not live to return to Germany, but his work was carried on by his spiritual children, more especially by Peter Canisius.

This is the most natural point of his life at which to speak of the *Memoriale* to which we have already more than once alluded, and which has never been published until our own time. It is the most true and vivid record that can be imagined of the spiritual life of this singularly beautiful character—a sort of private diary, in which are noted, not so much the outward events of his life as the thoughts that passed in his soul, the "lights" that came to him in meditation or at Mass, his reflections on the vicissitudes of his spiritual career, his aspirations for the good of others, and the fruits of his own experience in the way of God and the path of perfection. It was begun at Spires in the summer of 1542, and a very large portion of it relates to the stay in Germany of which we have been speaking, but at the beginning he makes a sort of retrospect of his past up to that time, enumerating the principal blessings for which he had to thank God. It continues to the year in which he died, but the entries in the last twelve months are by no means so full and frequent as those made while in Germany. It is a book which, after all due allowance has been made for the great difference of the circumstances of the two writers, may be said to resemble in many respects the *Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis* of St. Gertrude, and if it does not equal them in their exceeding tranquil beauty and heavenly richness of imagination, it breathes, notwithstanding, the same spirit of tender piety, the same deep humility, and the same penetrating illumination of spiritual wisdom. It is a book in which the most careful study will constantly find new treasures, and we cannot doubt that now that it has been given to the world it will become, in many respects, a handbook of spirituality, of which those called to walk along the same path will gratefully avail themselves. We can only refer to it here as throwing light on the extreme activity of Peter Favre during the time of which it is a sort of personal

chronicle. This most busily occupied apostle, as we may well call him, with hardly a moment to call his own from the demands made on his time for every conceivable purpose connected with religion and the conversion or guidance of souls, was able not only to live an interior life with God through all the distractions of his various enterprizes, as must be the rule for all who hope to labour in such a field with any success, but to overflow with the sweetest and tenderest piety, the purest charity, the simplest devotion, almost as if he had been a monk in a secluded monastery, occupied with nothing but prayer and contemplation, chanting his office, and honouring day after day the saints of God and the mysteries of the lives of Jesus and Mary, as they came round upon him in the Calendar of the Church.

We would gladly make extracts from this precious book, but our space is nearly exhausted, and we must hasten to the end of this brief sketch. When Peter Favre landed at Lisbon on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1544, he had a little less than two years to live. King John soon discovered what a treasure he was about to send into Spain with his daughter, and resolved, very early in his acquaintance with Favre, to keep him at his own Court. Favre took an early opportunity of visiting the College of Coimbra, now crowded with students, many of them his own spiritual children, and all eagerly desirous to see and converse with a man whom they considered as a saint. They were men of all nations, full of fervour, both for study and for practices of piety, all of them, as he testifies, really pressing on with resolution in the path of perfection, their ardour rather requiring to be restrained than to be stimulated. A large number of the choicest students of the University, here, as at Louvain, were pressing for admission into the Society. Favre admitted a select few, some of whom became afterwards famous in various ways. After a month spent at Coimbra, he was recalled to the Court at Evora; but notwithstanding the King's desire to retain him, it was the wish of Ignatius that he should go to Spain to the Court of Prince Philip, in order that he might be of use in furthering the introduction of the Society into that great Catholic kingdom. He left Evora in March, 1545, after writing a tender letter of leavetaking to the students at Coimbra, and in a few days reached Salamanca, passing thence to Valladolid in the company of Father Araoz. The reception of the two fathers by the young Prince and Princess was very cordial,

and they soon gained the affection of the Spanish nobles in the suite of Philip, while the Portuguese in attendance on the Princess Maria had already made their acquaintance, and given them their confidence, in their own country. Favre attributed the great success which attended these first beginnings of the Society in Spain to the many sufferings and persecutions which Ignatius himself had undergone there in the time which passed between his return from the Holy Land and his setting out for the University of Paris.

The happiness and splendour of the Court of the young Prince and Princess at Valladolid were suddenly destroyed by the death of the latter, early in July, a few days after she had given birth to a son, who grew up to be the unfortunate Don Carlos. After the funeral of his wife, Philip could not stay at Valladolid, and went to Madrid, ordering the two fathers to follow him. There, for nearly a year that yet remained before he finally left Spain, Favre laboured in his peculiar Apostolate, hearing confessions, guiding souls, winning friends on every side, receiving novices, accepting foundations for the Society in but a few cities out of many in which they were offered, on account of the scarcity of sufficiently trained subjects to place in them, and generally making it known and beloved all over Spain. So great was the opinion entertained of him in that country that when, a few months later, the tidings of his death arrived, it was a common opinion that the Society would now fall, because it had lost its principal and necessary support.

At the beginning of the year 1546 it had been decided at Rome that Favre should be sent to the Council of Trent, with two others of the Society, as theologians to the Pope. Steps were taken by Ignatius to induce Philip to consent to his departure. Just about the same time King John of Portugal was applying that he might be sent as Patriarch to Ethiopia, the Christians of which country might, it was thought, be brought to abandon their schism and reunite themselves to the Church. It turned out that he was not to go either to Trent or Ethiopia. He left Madrid in Holy Week, 1546, and proceeded towards Barcelona. He had instructions to pass by Gandia, where Francis Borgia, now Duke of Gandia, was preparing to found a College and University of the Society. Francis Borgia was now free to accomplish his long cherished desire to give himself entirely to the service of God, a desire which had been strong in his heart ever since the memorable

day when he had had to identify the body of the good Empress Isabella by lifting up the cover of the coffin and gazing on her disfigured face. His own wife was just dead, and he was as yet uncertain in what institute he should devote himself to God. Favre's visit to Gandia lasted for a month. He laid the first stone of the new University, and, a far more important work, he gave the Spiritual Exercises to the duke himself. The result was the determination of Francis to enter the Society of Jesus as soon as might be possible to him. He little thought that he was to take in it the place of the holy and winning father from whom he received the meditations of St. Ignatius.

So it was to be. Favre was ill at Barcelona before he could sail, and was urged to delay his voyage. But he had but one idea, that of obeying the order given him to present himself to the Pope. He sailed on June 21, and was at the gates of Rome in less than a month. It is said that Ignatius hesitated to allow him to come at that terribly dangerous season of the year, but the other fathers listened only to their own eagerness to see Favre once more, or, in the case of many of them, for the first time, and the prudence of the General was overruled. Favre had hardly been in Rome a week, enjoying the renewal of his long disused intercourse with the "father of his soul," when his illness returned with malignant force, and in a few days his recovery was despaired of. Full of joy at the thought of being with his God, he calmed and encouraged his weeping friends, and prepared himself once more for that last moment for which his whole life had been a preparation. He died in the arms of St. Ignatius, in the afternoon of August 1, the feast of St. Peter's Chains, which that year fell upon a Sunday.

Favre's latest biographer tells us how a feeling of peace and joy came over the fathers at Rome almost at the moment of their great loss; how St. Ignatius, in announcing his death to the Society, left out the usual order that Masses should be celebrated for the repose of his soul, and spoke of him as an intercessor gained to the Society in heaven; how St. Francis Xavier in the Indies, on his first voyage after receiving the news of his death, invoked his assistance in a terrible tempest; and how St. Francis Borgia at Gandia, saw him at the moment of his death, in great glory, "saying great things concerning Christ's obedience and his own, expressing the greatest happiness at having died for obedience, and promising never to cease to pour forth supplications to God for the Church." Ignatius, in

order to calm the grief of the fathers at Rome, communicated to them at this time the hitherto secret intention of Borgia to enter the Society. Favre was counted as a saint from the first, and we find the same opinion of him held by St. Francis de Sales in the generation after his own. His name has always been great among the children of the Society, and yet it is not to them that he owes his present position in their Calendar among the beatified servants of God. It was in his own country, at Villaret, among the rugged mountains of Savoy, where he had tended his sheep as a boy, and preached like a little apostle to the villagers on the Sundays and festivals, that religious veneration was paid to him, a chapel built on the spot on which he was born, Mass celebrated solemnly on the anniversary of his death, and a pilgrimage established in his honour. The successive bishops of Geneva, afterwards of Annecy—among them St. Francis of Sales, already mentioned, in many ways a kindred spirit to his gentle and tender-hearted countryman—permitted and encouraged this veneration, which survived even the French Revolution, in which the chapel was destroyed, only to be rebuilt and honoured afresh when the evil days passed away. It was this perpetual veneration, accompanied as it was by miracles, of which there was juridical proof in two Processes made, one at the close of the sixteenth century, and one in our own time, that furnished the ground for the decree lately made at Rome by which his *cultus* is ratified, and his name enrolled among the Blessed.

The beatifications and canonizations of the chosen servants of God are governed, we cannot doubt, by a Providential law, both as to the persons selected for veneration, and the time when such veneration is introduced. The needs of the Church are nowhere greater than in Germany, and within the few last years she has proposed both Peter Canisius and Peter Favre to the homage of her children. There is to our mind a peculiar beauty about the circumstances of the beatification of Peter Favre, for it has thus come about that the poor peasants of Villaret may be said twice over to have given a saint to the Society of Jesus. In its earliest years, Peter Favre, after Ignatius, was its greatest support in Europe, as Francis Xavier, his fellow-student, carried its name in glory to the furthest limits of the East. And now, when the hand of persecution is heavier upon the Society than it has ever been save once before, when for a time its very name was wiped away, when in

Germany, in particular, the country which owes so much to Favre, his brethren are proscribed and calumniated and despoiled—amid, we regret to say, the applause of Englishmen, who profess to love justice and hate oppression and iniquity—once more that little village among the lonely mountains has helped the Society in its hour of need, by placing the crown of beatification on the head of the first disciple of Ignatius, and thereby assuring to his children, by a fresh pledge, the assistance of the saints of heaven, each of whom is a thousand times more powerful to protect them than all the Emperors and Princes of the world to persecute them.

H. J. C.

Among the Prophets.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

SOME weeks ago I had to chronicle a remarkable fall in the spirits of my friend Wotton, who, as my readers are aware, was much exercised in mind at the time by the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial and other manifestations of Catholic devotion of the same kind. His depression continued, as I observed whenever we met, up to the beginning of November last, just before which date he was at his lowest, on account of the apparent chances of a monarchical restoration in France. The letter of the Comte de Chambord, which seemed to destroy those chances, at least for the time, revived my friend's drooping courage and restored his equanimity. He no longer dreams about white flags and *lettres de cachet*. It is perhaps on account of his own deliverance from terror, that he has become more pleasant and liberal upon Catholic affairs, and in the conversations which I have lately held with him, he has almost come round to his former friendliness, though of course he is not really more Catholic. He confided to me the other day, when he was driven into my chambers, as he chose to say, by the terrible fog in the street as he was passing, that he was seriously alarmed at certain late disclosures as to the dealings of Prince Bismarck with English newspapers, some of whose writers are now said to have been subsidized by the Prussian Chancellor. He had always been a firm believer in the incorruptibility of the Press.

"I can't tell you, of course," I said, "whether it is true or not that our writers are paid in so much good coin; but I must confess to have no very high opinion of the absolute incorruptibility of a good many of our anonymous lights. They are open enough to social bribes, and it is quite certain that the manipulation of the Press is a common thing enough abroad. If English writers are not to be bought out and out, so as to be the mere tools of their purchasers, it is probably because it would

not pay in the long run. I fear there is enough of Bismarckism in the country to account for the justification of persecution which we have seen in some of the papers."

We then spoke of a certain projected meeting which it was proposed to hold in the course of a few weeks in order to express the sympathy of Englishmen of a certain class with the late tyrannical measures in Prussia, and over which an aged nobleman was expected to preside, one of whose boasts was that he had spent his life in advocating the cause of civil and religious liberty. Just at that time Bodham Green chanced to look in too, whether driven to port by the fog or not, I cannot tell, and as the nobleman in question is one of his favourite aversions, he soon broke in upon our discussion.

"Civil and religious liberty!" said Bodham; "there's not a man in England with more of the persecutor about him than Lord —. Read the Durham Letter, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill as he proposed it to the House of Commons! Remember his manner to the Dean of Hereford when the latter tried to resist having Dr. H—— thrust upon him as bishop. There's a whole Star Chamber in the breast of men of that stamp, and if they were dominant, we should have Bismarckian legislation at once in England and Ireland."

I tried to moderate my friend, as he might have got into an angry tussle with Wotton on the subject of Liberalism. So I asked the latter how people like the nobleman in question justified their adhesion to what, in the eyes of the rest of the world, was simple brutal persecution, with hardly a disguise about it. He answered that he did not himself understand how any true Liberal could applaud the Falck laws, but that the reasons alleged were two—the Vatican decrees, and the assumption by the Pope of jurisdiction over the Emperor of Germany.

"I don't understand what they say about the Vatican decrees," he said, "and we have talked them over before. It is clear to any impartial and dispassionate outsider that if they have made a change in the system of the Church, it is a change that affects the bishops and clergy, and Catholics in general, in what relates to their faith, and yet it is equally clear that they are quite unconscious of any vital change, and are in the mass loyal with all their hearts to the Vatican Council. But I should like to hear what you say about the Pope's letter, in which, if I remember right, he claimed a sort of right over all Christians."

"I think what the Pope did say," said Bodham Green, "was that every baptized Christian in some way belonged to him, and a more inoffensive statement can hardly be imagined. It is quite clear that the letter was written in the fulness of his heart, to a man whom he had reason to regard as a friend from the letters which had before passed between them, but it was meant to be a private and personal remonstrance, and not a public document. Some people have spoken of it as if it were a formal declaration of war, a cartel of defiance, warning the Emperor that he was entering on a conflict in which no quarter was to be given or taken. That only shows the force of imagination. It was the letter of an old man on the brink of the grave to another old man on the brink of the grave, and it was nothing short of a vulgar trick to publish it, while the answer deserves still greater reprobation because it breathes bad faith as well. It may be a very fine thing to be a German Emperor, but it must be rather unpleasant, if a man has any kingly feeling, to have to do things of this sort at the bidding of Prince Bismarck."

"Still, you have not explained the claims of jurisdiction over the Emperor," said Wotton.

"I suppose the Pope to mean," answered Bodham, "that all baptized Christians belong as by right to the Church, and as he is the Chief Pastor of the Church he has certain relations as by right with every baptized Christian. This is nothing more than any Catholic bishop might say with regard to the Protestants in his diocese. It is an assertion of the unity of baptism, and, in one point of view, of the rights of those who are born and educated in Christian communities outside the pale of the visible Church. From this last point of view, it is an assertion of a truth which Protestants are very fond of asserting, though in a somewhat different way, of a truth which gives them all a claim on our charity, which ought to mitigate the severity with which we are sometimes tempted to speak of persons who, after all, have as much right to Catholic privileges as we have, who have lost them by no fault of their own, and who but for that loss might use them better than we do. The Pope's words are a sort of

Papa sum, Christiani nihil a me alienum puto,

and if he had said just the reverse of what he did say, he would have been accused of intolerant bigotry."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the complaints about this assertion of jurisdiction, when they are compared to other complaints which we often hear from the same quarter, remind me very much of the children sitting in the market-place of whom we hear in the Gospel. The Pope says, all Christians are in a certain sense members of the Church of which I am the Chief Pastor, and these people cry out, 'What an intolerable assumption! It is time to speak; we must resist this aggression of Ultramontanism and the Infallible Pope. The time has come when Rome will no longer be content with anything but abject submission to her claims on both orders, spiritual and temporal. The State must interfere with the teachers of the Church, the government of dioceses, the arrangement of parishes, the training of priests, the administration of the sacraments; it must banish, confiscate, outrage, imprison, and use every form of persecution short of personal torture in consequence of this arrogant claim, and we Englishmen must hold a meeting in London under the presidency of Earl — to declare our perfect sympathy for and admiration of its proceedings.' What does all this mean," cried Bodham, getting rather excited as he went on, "but that we are to have our turn at Falck laws and Bismarckian persecutions whenever we can get the opportunity? What does it mean but a warning to Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Cullen, and the Jesuits and the Redemptorists, to set their houses in order and prepare for confiscation and exile? Bismarck is not content with setting the Swiss Government in motion, and ordering Victor Emmanuel's Government to emulate his own proceedings in seizing convent after convent, and turning nuns and monks into the streets. He must needs have the luscious regale of the applause of English Liberals, as a preparation, well understood to be such, for measures like his own against English and Irish Catholics."

Bodham was again approaching dangerous ground with Wotton, so I ventured to interpose. "My dear fellow, you haven't finished the explanation which you began with. The children in the market-place were not to be satisfied with either of two alternatives. You have only told us how people here have been dissatisfied with one."

"Quite true," he said, checking himself a little. "Well, that is all the uproar which is made when the Pope says that he has something to do with all Christians; and now suppose that he had told the Emperor that he had nothing to do with him,

baptized though he might be, because he was outside the visible Church—that he could feel no care for his soul, no desire that he should discharge his kingly duties with justice and equity, as a man who has to give an account of them to God, the Judge of kings as well as of peasants. Well, then, I suppose we should have heard the other side of the story—‘We have piped unto you, and you have not danced, we have lamented, and you have not mourned.’ Then it would have been—‘See, all who do not belong to the visible flock of the Catholic Church are utter exiles from grace, they have no chance of heaven, the charity of the Chief Pastor does not stretch itself to them. They may be baptized—but it avails them nothing. Jesus Christ gave His Apostles commission to teach all nations; but the Pope puts a gloss upon the divine command—it means all nations except Protestant and un-Catholic nations. The Emperor of Prussia is denied all fellowship with Jesus Christ, Whose Vicar the Pope is. What can be a clearer proof of the truth we have so often had forced on us of late, that the profession of Catholicism is inconsistent with loyalty to sovereign and Fatherland? How can Prussian Catholics be dutiful subjects to a sovereign whom their own Infallible Pastor informs in so many words that he is to him as a heathen and a publican? It is clear that Catholicism, at least in Germany, probably in other countries also, means disloyalty. Once more, what an intolerable assumption! It is time to speak out! Rome will no longer be content with anything but abject submission’—and the rest, *da capo*,” said Bodham Green, bringing himself up short, with a great gulp of indignation.

Wotton laughed heartily, and then said quietly, “Well, I am not going to attend the meeting, at all events. I suspect it won’t be held. But there are one or two questions as to the Pope’s latest pronouncements which I should like to have some information about, if you can give it me.”

It was half-past one, so I rang and ordered in some luncheon, during which we discussed the one or two points which follow.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SOME NOTIONS ABOUT THE ENCYCLICAL.

“WELL, in the first place,” said Wotton, attacking at the same time some Stilton cheese of which I was very proud, “I want to know why the Pope attributes all the evil of the world to the secret societies? To my mind, the secret societies seem to serve the purpose, with you Catholics, of some of those vaguely known or entirely unknown agents, that are so often named in certain departments of science, and which get the credit of all the physical results which cannot be otherwise explained. And then I observe that your foreign priests, at all events, if not English priests also, always speak as if they knew all about these mysterious societies, and could tell what they were at work upon at any given moment, while all the time their great strength must lie in the very fact that they are unknown.”

“Even the Pope,” said Bodham Green, “distinctly named these societies in his late Encyclical.”

I had the paper by me, and I found and read out the passage—

Some of you, Venerable Brethren, may be surprized that the war which is at this time carried on against the Catholic Church extends so far and wide. But whoever is acquainted with the character, the aims, and the purposes of the sects—be they Freemasons, or by whatever name they are known—and compares them with the character and extent of the strife which, throughout nearly the whole world, is waged against the Church, cannot hesitate to assign the cause of our present calamities to the craft and conspiracy of the same sects. . . . Woud that the Supreme Pastors of the Church had been more firmly believed by those who could have warded off so terrible a plague! But the sect, winding along by crooked ways, never ceasing its task, beguiling many with its cunning craft, is now bursting forth from its hiding-places, and boasting itself to be all-powerful. These infidel associations, having greatly increased the number of their adherents, fancy that they have obtained their end, and all but reached the goal set before them. Succeeding in the object after which they have so long hankered, the possession of the chief power in many places, they are now boldly using the strength and power that they have acquired, that the Church of God may be reduced to the most grinding slavery, that it may be upturn from its foundations, and defaced in the divine marks with which it shines conspicuous, in a word, that shaken, shattered, and overthrown by many blows, it may, if possible, be blotted out from this world.

“There can be no doubt about it, you see,” said Wotton. “The Pope, of course, never speaks the language of mere querulousness and empty assertion. He must at least think

that he has grounds for what he says, and he appeals to the experience of those who know most about what he calls the sects. Now this it is that puzzles me. Here are a certain number of definite assertions. In the first place, the sects have of late largely increased their numbers. They have become so numerous, as to think concealment no longer necessary. They have possessed themselves of the reins of Government in many places. Their objects and aims coincide with the objects and aims of the persecution, as you call it, which is now raging against the Church. The measures, I suppose, which are taken in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, and to some extent even in Austria, are just the measures which suit the objects of the great conspiracy against religion and the Church, and that conspiracy now hopes that it may be able to overwhelm its enemy altogether. Now, how can all these things be known? It really seems as if the great danger which the Pope fears is not so much Bismarck, or the Italian Kingdom, or the Swiss Government, as these unseen and unknown societies which yet can move the world."

"I suppose," I said, "there are many things which are notorious abroad of which we have very little idea in this country, and one of these things may be the power of the secret societies. Certainly the history of Europe for the last thirty years is full of their action, and there are a considerable number of the most important events in the century which can only be explained by it, such as the Italian war of Napoleon the Third, Castel Fidardo, and the immense influence of Garibaldi and Mazzini. But it would take a long time to go into all the evidence. The Pope says that the measures now taken by the persecuting Governments are just those which are required to bring about the ends of what he calls the Sects, and this is too obvious to require proof. I suppose he does not separate the action of Prince Bismarck, of the Swiss Government, which is notoriously in the hands of secret society men, or of the 'Italian Kingdom,' which has long been at their feet, from the action of the societies themselves. The only doubt can be about Prince Bismarck. But after all, what he says is only what clear-sighted Englishmen say in other words—that Prince Bismarck cannot be supposed to believe that the Catholic Church is any danger to Germany, or that the bishops and clergy are disloyal, but that he is acting as he does in order to gain the support of the advanced Liberal party in Germany,

support of which he is in need partly to consolidate his factitious Empire, partly to increase it, when the proper moment comes, by the absorption of the Germans who still belong for the present to Austria.¹ Those whom other people call intellectual and advanced Liberals, the Pope calls men of the Sects. And there is every reason for believing that he is right as to the fact, though it is not likely that Englishmen, especially English Liberals, will believe him, till they have had a little experience themselves of something like the reign of the Commune in Paris."

"But do you really think that the men who go by the names of Liberals abroad are generally these sworn enemies of religion and society of which the Pope speaks?"

"I believe," I said, "that not only abroad but at home there are many men, who are called Liberals, who are almost as deep in the secret society system as Mazzini himself, or the leaders of the Commune, but the vast majority, in our country at least, are only tools and instruments of the few leaders who are in possession of the secret springs. And I might justify my opinion by reminding you of the way in which many of our so-called Liberal papers have applauded Bismarck on the one hand, and attacked the Catholic religion with almost fiendish hatred on the other. There have been things said in the English press in the course of the last year or two, not now and then but frequently, which fully breathe the present spirit of the anti-Christian sects, and if Englishmen were prepared to receive more it is evident they would have more. The press is one of the seats of power nowadays, and the enemies of the human race have got hold of it."

"Well," said Wotton, preparing to go, as the fog had now broken up to some extent, "I wonder at one thing with you Catholics. You get on very well in countries where you have nothing to do with the State, England, Ireland, America, and so on—and you are being punished terribly in many other countries where you have a sort of connection with the State, and your clergy are paid by it. It is the pretext of establishment and connection which is used to justify Bismarck and his Swiss disciples. Why can't you cut the connection, and set up a Free Church for yourselves!"

"There are many answers which might be given," I replied; "but we have no time to-day, as I have an appointment immediately. Perhaps it would be better for the Church, under

¹ See an article in the *Spectator*, December 13, "The Prussian Reformation."

certain circumstances, to have no connection with the State—the State may behave in such a way as to force her into such a position. But, in the first place, the Governments of those countries are so tyrannical and brutal in their interference with religion, that it might be questioned whether a free Church would not be trampled out in fire and blood if they could dare to do it. Again, the separation of Church and State, is in principle un-Christian. It involves the false doctrine that States are not bound by religion, and are independent of God. It is the duty of the Church not to dissolve this connection, which is far more beneficial to the State than to her, though she may accept a state of things in which the connection has been dissolved. I suppose if she is not anxious at the present moment to see it dissolved, it is because she does not despair of seeing the States of Europe once more governed on Christian principles."

CHAPTER XXXII.—EPILOGUE.

I CANNOT close this series of chapters, hastily written at intervals as occasion called for them during the last year and a half, with a better aspiration than that contained in the closing words of the last chapter. Things looked dark indeed for the Church at the time at which I began to relate our conversations concerning the prophecies floating in the air around us, and now that I have reached my last chapter they look even darker. The tide of revolution has flowed up to the very steps of the throne of St Peter, and ere long it may threaten to engulf even the Vatican itself—the last spot on earth left, if indeed it be left, for the Vicar of Jesus Christ to rest his foot upon. A few months more, and, like his Divine Master, he may not have where to lay his head. Meanwhile, a persecuting Power has suddenly arisen in the centre of Europe, armed with might that is apparently irresistible, and as yet it has not begun to crumble away by its own weight, or to dash its head to pieces in arrogant conflicts with its neighbours. Since the days when Napoleon the First held the Seventh Pius in captivity so strict and so meanly cruel as almost to drive him mad, since the days when the least word of the warrior on the throne of France made kings and princes tremble from one end of Europe to the other, persecution has never been so fearfully powerful, so relentless, so apparently irresistible. A few months ago a gleam

of sunshine seemed to pass over the gloomy landscape, and men began to hope that deliverance was at hand. Deliverance may be at hand, but the gleam of sunshine has passed away. The course of events in Rome seem almost to fulfil the description of Daniel—the abomination of desolation in the holy place ; and the great Pontiff, whose years seem to have been preternaturally prolonged that he might suffer more intensely than any of his predecessors, has but lately uttered a cry of woe such as he has never uttered before, “ In these last years the number of our sorrows has so increased that were we not upheld by the mercy of God we should be almost overwhelmed by them.”

The time allotted for the continuance of the domination of evil at Rome by the predictions which have of late attracted so much attention has not expired, and Pius the Ninth still lives to see, if so it may be, the triumph of the Church. But whatever may be the probable course of affairs within the next few months or years, we are certain only of two things—that there has never been a time when the Church was more abandoned by human aid, and that the words of Eternal Truth still remain, never to be shaken, never to pass away. “ Thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

After these solemn words, I am almost ashamed to gather up the loose threads of that little amount of story which runs through these dialogues. But some of their readers may be interested to learn in brief what I can tell them of the fortunes of a few of the actors in this slight drama. I need say nothing of the majority of them, in whose condition and prospects the last few months have made no difference of importance. There have, however, been two changes at Shotterton since what was chronicled in our last number. Mrs. M'Orven, having discovered that Rosa Pedallion would never marry any one but the blind young man whom she had loved as a child, exerted herself to the utmost to bring about the match, and after meeting with more opposition from Mr. North than from the father of the young lady, she succeeded in getting all arrangements made for next spring. Willie North will have a wife, as people say, far better than he deserves ; but Rosa might find many paths in life less fruitful in opportunities of dutiful devotion than that of a blind man's wife. It is her own choice, and she is perfectly happy.

There is also to be another marriage in Mr. North's family. Mr. Lorne came back from his conference with his bishop somewhat of an altered man. He found that he must give up his sisterhoods, and whatever might answer to the Catholic practice of regular confession and direction. He would be safe enough, so long as it could be said that he did not do what the Romans did. Miss Charlotte North's evident reluctance to enter a sisterhood of which he was not the ruling spirit, opened to him a way of escape. He has had fewer penitents, but also fewer molestations, since it has come to be known that he too is a marrying man. He has not gained the hand to which in his secret heart he once aspired, but there is every reason for thinking that he will be happy enough with Charlotte North. He thinks of migrating to London, and we shall probably hear of him in future rather as a literary Ritualist, than as taking an active part in the work of the Anglican ministry.

F. L.

Catholic Review.

I.—LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

(On the Abyssinian Ordinations.)

DEAR FATHER COLERIDGE,—I have to thank Father Jones for the very kind way in which he was pleased to speak of the "Question of Anglican Ordinations" in the last MONTH; and I wish that I could accept his explanation of the Abyssinian difficulty, as it would certainly make the treatment of the question much simpler. But as I believe the facts to incline the other way, it seems to me necessary to adhere to the views already stated.

I must take exception at the outset to his statement of the question at issue between us. He says, Canon Estcourt "believes that the three words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, are defined to be a valid form in the ordination of priests, at least in Abyssinia." And he refers to the passage,¹ "It establishes the principle that the words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* are sufficient as a form of ordination to the priesthood." But I was careful not to use the word "define." The decree of the Sacred Congregation is only a decision in a practical case upon certain facts laid before it, and is not a definition. In page 194, I said, "We may be sure that the Sacred Congregation did not undertake to decide the question of the form of the sacrament, when the Council of Trent had expressly declined to define it." It is not clear that the decree is a definition in such a sense as to extend its effect beyond the practical case to which it referred. And there are grounds for maintaining that it does not apply to Anglican Ordinations. For Anglicans claim to be a part of the Western Church, and the Anglican rite is derived from the Latin Pontificals, and even admits its parentage by containing the delivery of the chalice in a mutilated shape. This rite of the delivery of the chalice is, we know, considered as so far essential in the Western Church that conditional re-ordination is required in case of its omission. And it is said in Antoine that if a Catholic of the Latin rite were ordained priest by a bishop of the Oriental rite, he ought to obtain re-ordination, *sub conditione*, from a Latin bishop.²

I am not competent to discuss with Father Jones the proper mode of interpreting the decisions of the Holy Office, and I will therefore confine myself to the facts which he alleges as modifying the Abyssinian decree. Of course if there are any circumstances which can be clearly

¹ P. 191. ² Appendix to *De Ordine*, § ii.

proved, and which must necessarily have been in the mind of Father Joseph de Hierusalem when he submitted the case, as well as in the mind of the consultors of the Sacred Congregation when they responded to it, the decision should be read in the light of those circumstances. The question is—Are those alleged by Father Jones of such a character as to affect the decision?

Perhaps I ought to say that I had examined Assemani's *Controversia Coptica* before the publication of my book, and was somewhat disappointed at not finding anything that seemed to me to bear upon the question. I have read it again since Father Jones' letter appeared, and see no reason to alter the conclusion then arrived at.

Father Jones says—"It makes it quite evident that the ordinations were administered in the Coptic language according to the Alexandrian Ordinal; and that up to 1731 there was no reason to believe that the Abyssinian prelates had receded from or corrupted that rite, so as to make the validity of Orders doubtful." In proof of these assertions he refers to the examination of Tecla Maria. This document is given at length by Assemani. Tecla Maria, an Abyssinian priest, was interrogated by order of the Pope before certain Cardinals as to his ordination in the year 1594, and stated—"In the fifteenth year of my age I was initiated in Orders by Joseph, the Coptic Archbishop of Ethiopia, after this manner. Before the celebration of Mass, the Archbishop shaved my head in five places, in form of a cross, and anointed me with chrism on the forehead, reciting prayers in the Egyptian language, and breathed in my face, and within one and the same hour, during the celebration made me ostiarius, and lector or psalmist, and acolyte, and subdeacon, and deacon of the Gospel, and gave me Holy Communion. And long afterwards, in my thirtieth year, in Bed, a city of Ethiopia, I was initiated in the priesthood by Archbishop Mark, successor of the said Joseph. And the Archbishop himself pronounced the formal words of each order in conferring it. But I neither heard nor understood the signification, because he celebrated in the Egyptian language, of which I know nothing."² On these assertions, Assemani remarks—"It appears clear that the monk, Tecla Maria, or the Coptic Archbishops who ordained him were little acquainted with the Coptic rite, or had altered it in some part, or else that Tecla Maria did not well recollect the things done in his ordination. Because in the Coptic rite the Orders are not such as Tecla Maria mentioned either in number or order, that is to say, ostiarius, lector, psalmist, acolyte, subdeacon, deacon, and priest, but only lector, subdeacon, deacon, and priest. Likewise in the Coptic rite, as well as in the other Oriental rites, Greek, Syrian, and Abyssinian, there is no vestige of what Tecla Maria asserts the Archbishop Joseph to have done to him, in conferring the Orders of lector, subdeacon, and deacon, after having tonsured him in five places, that is to say, 'chrismate me unxit in fronte, orationes recitando lingua Egyptiaca, et in faciem meam insufflavit.' The unction with chrism on

² Mai's *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*, vol. ii., p. 225.

the forehead, and the insufflation in the face of the ordained, is not prescribed at all in the Coptic Pontifical." After these remarks of Assemani's, I cannot think that Tecla Maria's evidence is of any weight in showing that the Alexandrian Ordinal was used in Abyssinia in 1594, or that if it were, that "the Abyssinian prelates had not receded from or corrupted that rite before the year 1731." I cannot even take it as proving that the Egyptian or Coptic language was used, for Assemani also tells us, "the Copts or Egyptians are followers of the errors of Eutyches and Dioscorus, and observe the rites of the ancient Alexandrian Church, in the Coptic or Egyptian language, and for the Psalter they use the Arabic. Their Patriarch resides in Grand Cairo, but his jurisdiction extends as far as Ethiopia; for which reason the Abyssinian or Ethiopic Christians embrace the dogmas and rites of the Copts, though in the divine offices they use the Ethiopic language and not the Coptic."⁴ It is quite possible that the ancient Ethiopic is a dead language in Abyssinia, as Coptic appears to be in Egypt, and that it was therefore unknown to Tecla Maria. Besides, we find from Mgr. Bel's letter, that "among the Monophysites in Abyssinia, in conferring Sacred Orders, the theory is very different from the practice, especially in our times. The present practice is lamentable, the theory remains like a dead letter in the ancient books."⁵

It is true that Assemani here says, that the Abyssinians "embrace the dogmas and rites of the Copts," and in another place⁶ he speaks of "the Abyssinian nation, which is of the same rite as the Copts." But since they use the Ethiopic language, it is not sufficient evidence of what is said or done, merely to quote the Coptic rite, and books in the Coptic language. We require further proof from writings in the Ethiopic language, prescribing the rites to be done, and the prayers to be said. The only documents of this nature that have come to hand are those supplied by Mgr. Bel, which, though like the Coptic, are not exactly the same. And it is to be observed, that he refers to these books, and not to the Coptic, as the rule and authority for the Abyssinian Church.

In fact, Assemani does not touch the subject of the Abyssinian ordinations in the treatise published by Cardinal Mai, except incidentally. The question proposed to him referred only to Coptic ordinations, and he confined himself to that subject. There was, therefore, no occasion for him to refer to the decree of 1704. Father Jones supposes that the Coptic and Abyssinian rites were the same, not merely in theory, but in practice. This is the very point that remains to be proved. Mgr. Bel says that "the sacred rites brought into Abyssinia by St. Frumentius, from the Alexandrian Church, have been by degrees adulterated, and at present reflect partly the Coptic, and partly the Greek liturgy."⁷

⁴ Mai's *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*, vol. ii., p. 238.

⁵ *Anglican Ordinations*, Appendix, p. cxi.

⁶ P. 224.

⁷ *Anglican Ordinations*, Appendix, p. cxiv.

Father Jones proceeds—"The forms given by Ludolf and Mgr. Bel are but mutilated copies of that given by Assemani as used in Abyssinian ordinations up to his own time, and of which he proves the validity by the soundest theological arguments.⁸ This form contains the crucial expressions omitted in the copies. We find in it, adopting Assemani's translation, the following—"Qui ad Presbyteratum admissus⁹ est; *Reple eum Spiritu Sancto . . . et regat populum tuum in puro corde . . . et opera sacerdotis super populum tuum perficiat.*" This quotation is taken from two different prayers, given by both Assemani and Morinus as the Coptic rite of ordaining a priest. But I cannot find any indication from Assemani that the rite as containing both these prayers was used in Abyssinia. The first of the two prayers, as well as the "mutilated copies" of it, appear to be different versions of the prayer in the Apostolic Constitutions. The three may be seen in *juxta position*.¹⁰ Assemani mentions the Constitutions as containing this prayer, referring to the copy in Morinus.¹¹ The second prayer which contains the words, "Et opera sacerdotis super populum tuum perficiat," does not seem to have found its way into Abyssinia at all.

Quoting again from Father Jones' letter, "It may be asked, how did the words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, find their way into the Abyssinian rite? I can only understand that they are a translation of the Coptic words, another translation of which I have put in italics. The Latin missionaries translated it in the Latin rite." But what proof is there of these assertions or conjectures? The translation quoted by Father Jones was not Assemani's originally, but was made by Father Kircher, S.J., by order of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, from a manuscript in their possession, and was published by Leo Allatius in his work entitled *Symmicta*, in 1653. From thence Morinus took it, and published it in his work *De Sacris Ordinationibus*, in 1655. Assemani finds fault with Kircher's version in some places, but this passage stands just as it does in Morinus. Are we to suppose that Father Joseph de Hierusalēm, Prefect of the Mission in Abyssinia, was so ignorant of matters intimately concerning the subjects of his mission, as to make the translation, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, when it should have been, *Reple eum Spiritu Sancto?* And after all, this is the Coptic prayer, for the use of which in Abyssinian ordinations there is no proof either from Assemani or elsewhere. For those ordinations, our only authority is the Ethiopic, of which Mgr. Bel and Ludolf, have given us versions, which contain the words, *Largire illi spiritum gratiae et consilium sanctitatis, ut possit regere populum tuum, &c.* And I may say that, through the kindness of a friend at Oxford, I obtained a third version of the Ethiopic in German, which another friend has turned into Latin for me, and he finds that it bears out Ludolf's version just quoted. I may further say, that among the questions I put in my letter to Mgr. Bel, I asked him, How those words came into the Abyssinian rite?

⁸ Capp. 4, 5, 6.

⁹ This word should be "Admotus."

¹⁰ *Anglican Ordinations*, Appendix, p. xcix. ¹¹ P. 223.

And his reply is as follows—"Quomodo in eorum ritum verba illa (viz., *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*) introducta sunt, quæ in ritu Coptico nusquam inveniuntur? Hoc quomodo nos fallit."¹²

Although Assemani makes light of the objections to the Abyssinian ordinations propounded in the previous centuries, on account of their resting on the absence of the delivery of the instruments of sacrifice, there is no indication of such a difficulty having presented itself in 1704. Surely, if this had been the point at issue, there would be some reference to it either in the case or in the decision. Even supposing the words *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, were a mis-translation, it does not appear that such an error would affect the decision, for it is given upon the facts as they are stated. On your own showing, says the Sacred Congregation, the ordinations are valid. The Case states—"The Archbishop imposes his hands on each, saying, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum.*" The Sacred Congregation replied—"Ordinatio presbyteri cum manuum impositione et formæ prolatione, *prout in dubio, est valida.*"

Lastly, Father Jones says, "I know of no writer of any weight who has understood this decision in the way in which Canon Estcourt receives it." I must here enter on some further personal explanation. When I commenced the inquiry into this subject, I was proceeding on the opinion that the words *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, would not make a valid form. And I received a very kind caution from a venerable priest, the Rev. Joseph Silviera, who informed me that in an edition of Father Antoine, S.J., published at Avignon in 1818, there was a decision of the Holy See bearing on the question. Having found the work, containing the decision in an appendix, which appears to have been added by one of the later editors, I was taken very much by surprise on reading it. And finding some theological friends, whom I consulted, equally surprised, I wrote to Dr. Neve, then Rector of the English College at Rome, who was so kind as to obtain for me a copy—not of the original decree of 1704, but of that which renews and confirms it in 1860. In his letter accompanying the decree, Dr. Neve writes to the effect that, "I got this copied from the Propaganda Records. The official people at Propaganda say that all is correct, the form is good enough, and Father Perrone teaches so in his lectures."

I have no wish but to adhere to facts, and to follow the guidance of the Church on this subject, and if Father Jones can throw any further light upon it, I shall be delighted to concede any points to him, if I am in error as to facts or in the inferences drawn from them.

I am, &c.

E. E. ESTCOURT.

¹² *Anglican Ordinations, Appendix, p. cxiv.*

II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clement Markham, C.B., F.R.S., &c. Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle, 1873.

There is no doubt that Mr. Markham is in the right when he speaks of Arctic exploration as one of the brightest and most honourable among the English naval exploits of discovery. The great and noble expeditions of Elizabeth's reign, and much of the lives, even, of the "Devonshire worthies" in general, are blotted and stained by exceeding cruelty, sharpened by religious hatred, and a spirit of wholesale, reckless injustice, springing from the same envenomed animosity to the Catholic Church. Besides these, there cropped up also a ravenous greed of gold, which, like some of the other features of the reign of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, presents our countrymen under an unwonted and very unpleasant aspect.

The Arctic discoveries, on the contrary, bring out the older, thoroughly English, characteristics of courageous daring, cool endurance of intense suffering and hardship, and the patient, perhaps dogged, but admirably sustained persistence in the adventures once undertaken, which are the first conditions to insure success. A very cursory account of the various phases of Arctic adventure will more than sufficiently show that the old Viking Norse daring, that audacity which believes in no "impossibles," together with the solid tenacity of the undemonstrative Anglo-Saxon blood, have achieved adventures in the northern seas stranger than the wildest Scandinavian romance. The "unknown region," lying round the north pole, of ice, land, or ice-cumbered sea, is variously bounded, on the European side by the eightieth degree of latitude, on the Asiatic by the seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth, and westward of Behring's Straits by the seventy-second. It is in some parts fifteen thousand miles across, and contains a surface of more than one million five hundred thousand square miles. It is well known that the north pole, unlike the southern, is approached by land, the three great continents of Europe, Asia, and America, while the vast frozen mass of Greenland stretches towards it to a height as yet unknown. The three gates—one wide, and two narrow—of entrance to the unvisited Polar region are: (1) the ocean between Norway and Greenland; (2) the passages through Smith's Sound and others reached by Davis' Strait; (3) the narrow inlet by Behring's Strait, between Asia and America. The wide open sea between Norway and Greenland was the first attempted channel, and a full account of these earliest Arctic experiments would make a book of very pleasant reading. First in this, as in most other soundings of knowledge, was King Alfred, who started the desire for a Polar expedition as early as A.D. 890. After him came a long interregnum, till the last of the Plantagenets, Richard the Third, sent out discoverers as far as Greenland. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, men began to think seriously of venturing into the Polar Sea; and at his death, the

burst of adventurous daring in that and other directions seemed to acknowledge no limits. Sebastian Cabot, before a large public audience, explained to young Edward the Sixth the variations of the magnetic needle, and received a pension, granted him the same day, and the famous "Muscovy Company" immediately fitted out three ships, in which the navigators, Willoughby and Chancellor, sailed towards the Polar seas. Neither of them, however, succeeded, and Willoughby lost his life in the attempt.

In 1556, the chief pilot of England, Stephen Burrough,¹ fitted out on his own resources a pinnace, the *Searchthrift*, for northern adventure, and Cabot, then a very old man, actually went down to Gravesend and on board the pinnace. Or in Burrough's own words—"The good old gentleman came aboard our pinnace at Gravesend, accompanied with divers gentlemen and gentlewomen, and gave to the poor most liberal alms, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous success of the *Searchthrift*." And at the sign of the "Christopher" (well known to Hawkins and Drake a few years later at Gravesend), he and his friends "banketed" and made very merry, "entered into the dance himself, among the rest of the young and lusty company; which, being ended, he and his friends departed most gently, commanding us to the governance of Almighty God."

Burroughs was very successful, up to a certain extent, in what we should now call his mad cock-boat expedition; and off Kola, in Russian Lapland, fell in with a good many Lapps, in their *lодиас*, or twenty-oared boats, who gave him a barrel of mead. He first discovered the strait named after him, leading into the Kara Sea, between Novaya Zemlya and Vaigats Island, but he turned back in terror at the overwhelming packs of ice, and wintered at Archangel. The Muscovite Company were annoyed at his coming back, and appointed three fresh seamen to run through Burroughs' Strait, and find the mouth of the Ob, urging them on by the words—"Which discoverie, if it be made by you, will not only prove profitable to you, but it will also purchase perpetual fame and renown both to you and to our country." The company next sent out two vessels under Pet and Jackman, who had followed Chancellor and Frobisher in the same track. With the two boats of forty and twenty tons, these brave men accomplished the most extraordinary feats of daring, and succeeded in forcing their way into the Kara Sea, and through much pack ice. They afterwards parted company in a gale, and poor Jackman was never seen again. It was of such undaunted adventures as these of the early explorers, that Milton spoke when he likened them to those of the old heroes. The obstacles which always presented the same unvarying difficulty in the Kara Sea, first turned the minds of explorers to an expedition into the real Polar region. This was achieved, not by any of our countrymen, but by a brave Dutchman named Barents, who sailed from Texel in 1594, in a little fishing-smack, and coasted along between the edge of

¹ Not at that time, but he will always be thus remembered.

the ice pack and the coast of Novaya Zemlya, over seventeen hundred miles of ground, putting his ship about, while wriggling through the ice, more than eighty times. Barents discovered the long line of coast up to the Orange Islands, and accurately fixed the different capes and latitudes. The map of his voyage, by Dr. Petermann, was printed for the Hakluyt Society in 1853. The third voyage made by Barents, and partly by Rijp (we hope our readers may be able to pronounce it) was a very famous one. Barents sailed round the north-western end of Novaya Zemlya, and, after encountering the hitherto unknown terrors of the ice and cold in the Polar seas, was forced to winter, with seventeen Dutchmen, in a bay they justly called Ice Haven. Gerrit de Veer tells the story. They built a large wooden house, with a chimney, out of the ship's timbers, set up a Dutch clock, made bed-berths midway along the walls, and, by the surgeon's advice, turned a wine-cask into a bath. Barents, who never spared himself, was carried from the wooden house very ill when the winter at last broke up, and died in 1596, in the midst of his discoveries. The brave crew, in two open boats, made their weary way back to Kola, in Lapland, and were ordered to tell their whole story in public, on their return to Holland, to the Prince of Orange and the Danish Ambassador, after a great dinner. It is to be hoped that they were well taken care of for the rest of their days.

The most striking part of the story of Barents, however, was only told nearly three hundred years afterwards, when, for the first time, his Ice Haven was revisited. In 1871, Captain Carlsen, a Norwegian, sailed from Hammerfest to Ice Haven, and there found Barents' house, exactly as it had been left three centuries since. The ship's puncheons were still standing about, amid the heaps of walrus, bear, and reindeer bones, the little Dutch clock still hung on the wall, the halberds and muskets stood in their corner, the cooking-pans were ranged over the stove. There were the copper dial and astrolabe of Plancius—the sole existing example of his invention—the books of travel and navigation, and the flute, still giving out a few weak notes, which were the only enlivenment of the long sunless days, and there were a pair of little shoes, the simple and touching memorial of the little shipboy who had died during the long, cheerless, sunless winter.

Next in order comes the important discovery of Henry Hudson, who sailed from Greenwich in 1607, in a wretched little craft of eighty tons, called the *Hopewell*, "more like an old Surat bungalow than anything else that now sails the seas, with high stern and low pointed bow; she had no head-sails on her bowsprit, but to make up for this, the foremast was stepped chock forward." It gives us some idea of the courage and endurance of the time to hear that in this ill-sailing, cumbrous craft, Hudson and his crew of twelve men actually proposed to sail across the north pole to Japan. He penetrated to Greenland, Spitzbergen, and an unknown island, which he called "Hudson's Tutches," but now known as "Jan Mayen." He sailed as far north as latitude $80^{\circ} 23'$, almost as high as Scoresby two hundred years later;

and his report of the feeding-grounds of the sea horses and whales in those lonely seas led to the prosperous whale and oil fisheries, which enriched both England and Holland for two centuries afterwards. Hudson took another voyage in 1608, making many observations upon the increasing thickness of the ice packs; and was finally cruelly murdered by his men.

In 1676 the *Speedwell*, under Captain Wood, was sent out by the Admiralty secretary, Pepys. Wood sailed to latitude 75°, encountering the great Polar ice pack. He carefully skirted and examined the edge of the pack, extending from the coast of Greenland to Novaya Zemlya, and after the *Speedwell* had been wrecked in the ice, came home, fully satisfied that there was no passage to be made between Greenland and Novaya Zemlya. The heroic adventurers of the seventeenth century were followed by the whalers of the reign of James the First, who discovered Hope and other islands. The attempts of Captain Edge and his pinnace are given with illustrations in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*. He killed one thousand sea horses, and took many tons of oil. The Dutch and English fishing-vessels soon came to blows over the North Sea whaling, and also wrangled about the names of the islands and capes discovered by each. "Wiche's Land," so named in 1617 by the English from Richard Wiche, a great London merchant, one of the founders of the East India Company, was called "King Karl Land" by the Dutch. Whales were killed by many thousands off Spitzbergen, their favourite feeding-place, and at last the fish were driven to other grounds, and from this and other causes the Dutch whaling trade came to an end at the close of the last century. The English whale fishery on the same ground, that is in the Spitzbergen seas, chiefly flourished from 1752 to 1820, and during that time, in 1806, Captain Scoresby, in the *Resolution*, achieved his famous expedition. He forced the *Resolution* into the ice pack, which had never been done before, and then had the ship towed and dragged by the crew till they had actually carried it over the first division of ice and launched it again in the wide open sea. Subsequently Scoresby collected a vast body of valuable information upon the peculiar nature of the ice in various depths of water and under different circumstances, which proved of the utmost service to science.

After a series of Russian Polar expeditions, which further showed the impossibility of sailing through the ice packs, it occurred to Sir John Franklin and Sir Edward Parry that the only real way of exploring the Arctic region was in sledges. Parry took a wrong direction and started at a wrong time of year, but he laid the foundation of the great idea which Sir Leopold M'Clintock has since brought to perfection. By sledge travelling the geology, animals, and vegetable productions, and varying characteristics of the coast line can be accurately determined. The *Hecla*, Parry's famous ship, was anchored under the command of Lieut. Crozier, the after companion of Ross and Franklin in his last fatal discovery of the north-west passage; while the sledge boats,

victualled with biscuit, pemmican, cocoa, and rum, with the most incredible labour and exertions, were dragged almost to the great Polar pack, when Parry found that his late start and the southerly drift had vanquished him, and he was forced to return, after reaching latitude 82°, the utmost height ever authentically attained by civilized man.

But we must pass over the more famous Arctic expeditions within the present century, of Englishmen whose names are almost household words among us. It is curious that of late years English yachtsmen have begun to take up the navigation of the northern seas, and in 1861 Mr. Lamont's yacht sailed to Edge's Land and among the Thousand Islands. In 1867, Mr. Birkbeck, with Professor Newton, sailed to Spitzbergen, and sighted Wiche's Land. Mr. Leigh Smith, in 1871, took the *Sampson* as far as latitude 81°, and visited Spitzbergen; Cape Smith takes its name from him. Meanwhile the Norwegian sealers had been carrying on their own researches, and Captain Carlsen had sailed all round the Spitzbergen islands and Novaya Zemlya, a thing never done before or since, and for this feat the Geographical Society presented him with a gold watch. In 1872, more than two hundred years after its first discovery, Wiche's Land was again visited by Captain Altmann, and soon afterwards the highest mountain in it was named Haarfagrehangen, in memory of its being the thousandth year from Harold Haarfagre, when Norway became united into one kingdom. The whole exploration of the northern seas, in fact, now seems to have fallen into Swedish and Norwegian hands; while, to our shame be it spoken, English daring and invention in these fields seem to be entirely things of the past. We are glad to say that a few of our countrymen seem resolved to reawaken the spirit of enterprize, and Mr. Leigh Smith has fitted out a small but well-provided expedition on his own resources, consisting of his own yacht and a screw steamer belonging to Mr. Lamont, which is provisioned for one or two years. We shall hope, therefore, that the former spirit of Arctic daring and emulation may be again stirred up in England.

Some very interesting narratives are about to be published by the Hakluyt Society, of the Greenland voyages of two Venetians of the family of Zeno, and brothers to the famous Carlo, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Zeni established the situation of a lost Norman colony in Greenland, about which there has been much dispute, and gave an interesting account of a monastery dedicated, as they said, to St. Thomas, but more probably to St. Olaus, where the monks ingeniously made use of some geysers, or hot springs, to heat their cells and grow vegetable, fruit, and flowers in a covered garden. One of the Zeni also mentions the discovery of "populous countries in the west," no doubt America, where there are records of colonies of Scandinavians in pre-Columbian times. The natives had still some Latin books, which they had lost the knowledge of reading, and made beer, which "they drank as wine," much to the amazement of the Venetian brothers.

There were some German Arctic adventurers, however, in 1869 who far surpassed anything else that was done or suffered in the Polar seas, even by Barents. Their brig was crushed by the ice-floes, and they were thus suddenly left homeless on the ice-fields, with all the horrors of a Polar winter staring them in the face. They, however, proved themselves thoroughly equal to the task, took out all their patent fuel, built a house with it on an enormous ice-floe, and there made the best they could of Christmas, while their gigantic but untrustworthy raft was slowly carrying them southward. After Christmas, the floe split asunder, and utterly wrecked their house, when every life for awhile was in imminent danger, and they were forced to take to the open boats; when the floe reunited they returned to it, and once more built up their fuel house, after which they drifted close into the Greenland shore. It is impossible to imagine anything like the sufferings these poor fellows must have endured as they slowly drifted along in their island prison, gazing into each little nook and bay, vainly hoping that some eye would perceive them and come to their rescue. But no help was given, and they floated on, seeing their island lessening perilously day by day, till at last it measured only a hundred yards across. After being carried eleven hundred miles in this strangest manner, these patient seamen once more took to their boats, and finally reached the Moravian Mission at Friedriksthal, where they were welcomed from the dead by the German Herrnhut Brotherhood. This is probably the most marvellous expedition that has ever been told out of fairy tale.

The adit to the northern regions which is opened by Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay is far better known in England than the other two mentioned above, and it is by this entrance that the most famous expeditions conducted by our countrymen and by Americans have been made. The pioneer in this track was again a "Devonshire worthy," John Davis of Sandridge, and he first sailed from Dartmouth in 1585. He does not seem to have been smitten with the beauty of Greenland, of which he says that "the loathsome view of this shore, and the irksome noyse of the yce was such, as it bred strange conceites among us." He was pleased with the Esquimaux, and kept up the character of a true English gentleman among them. He sailed through the strait bearing his name, and so northwards nearly to Upernivik. Baffin afterwards followed in the same route, but having made over his chart and log to Purchas, that sententious gentleman pronounced them to be "somewhat troublesome and too costly," and threw them aside to be lost. Baffin went as far as latitude 74° , and sailed quite round the head of Baffin's Bay, for which credit was not given him till two hundred years afterwards, when Ross and Parry pushed their researches to the same point, and thoroughly verified Baffin's account. The whaling ships in this quarter, especially in Melville Bay, have always been subject to dreadful loss, and in the year 1830 the total of nineteen ships were broken up by the vast floe of ice which drifted down, tearing open their sides like

paper, smashing many of them quite flat—after which the floe presented a strange scene, the crews, who had easily escaped on the ice, to the number of a thousand, dancing and frolicking to their hearts exceeding content, and ever after commemorating the fun by the name of “Baffin’s fair.”

Nothing can be more beautiful to the imagination than the accounts of one of these detentions in Melville Bay by some exploring party. Unlike the whalers, the exploring ships are double-planked, and will bear a sharp “nipping” by the ice without much real danger. There is all the excitement of the hair-breadth escapes, the watching the great floes bearing down and tearing each other up into hummocks of ice perhaps ninety feet high, which is accomplished with loud crashes and fearful groans; and there are always the sublime distant masses of the floating icebergs, all emerald and sapphire, catching the sun’s rays and turning them to diamonds as they majestically float along; while the whole scene is heightened by the keenness and vividness of blue sky and sunshine, which is quite startling to the eye.

The English whaling trade, which almost entirely broke up on the discovery and use of gas and mineral oils, is again flourishing in full force owing to the jute manufacture, which requires the treatment of whale oil, and ten large steamships sail every year from Dundee to Baffin’s Bay for whale oil. One of the most interesting modern incidents of Arctic discovery is the voyage of the *Polaris*, under the American Captain Hall, who has taken his little river steam gunboat two hundred and fifty miles through Smith Sound, the great opening at the head of Baffin’s Bay towards the north pole, a higher latitude than had ever yet been reached in a vessel. His course lay through Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel, Polaris Bay, and Robeson Strait, as high as latitude 82°. This brave-hearted adventurer started in 1871, with a party on a land expedition, and reached a point in Robeson Strait now called Newman Bay, from which he returned ill, became paralyzed, and died. He was buried on shore, and a wooden memorial was erected to him over the grave.

It is a singular fact that the account of the *Polaris* voyage has hitherto been known only incidentally from a part of her crew who were left, from some unexplained cause, on the ice, with boats and provisions, and drifted on the floe till they were picked up by a sealing vessel, and taken to Newfoundland. The *Polaris* went on to winter in Northumberland Island, but has not since been seen.

On the Russian side, Vitus Behring had sailed with instructions from Peter the Great himself, in 1728, when he discovered the strait between Asia and America. He also had died on the shore, in 1741, after wrecking his ship in a kind of sand-pit. Steller, the naturalist, who was with him, first discovered a strange species of *manati*, or sea cow, with a skin an inch thick, formed of perpendicular tubes, which has never since been seen. The Russian explorers, Hedenström, Anjou, Von Wrangell, and others, after many excursions in dog-

sledges, from various points on the northern coast of Asia, came to the somewhat hasty conclusion that there was a wide, open Polar sea beyond the ice-floes, but this idea is not tenable, though there seems to be no doubt that the enormous Siberian rivers break up the ice by the pouring down of vast volumes of water and drift-wood, and thus render the condition of the Siberian Polar Sea an exceptional one.

Taking a review, under Mr. Markham's guidance, of the various Arctic explorations and routes, it would seem as if the most favourable direction for further discovery would be through Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel, following up Hall's track in the *Polaris*. There should also be sledge-parties, as every single observation recorded from the minute examination possible to a sledge-party, is worth more to science than ten times that amount of observations made from a ship. We cannot but hope that the English Government will confirm all that private generosity has so largely carried on, and that geographical discovery will be completed, at least so far as the full exploration of Greenland, which seems as if it ought to be specially the fruit of English Arctic adventure, and the sufferings which so many brave former navigators patiently endured.

Mr. Markham nobly pleads his cause, and his volume, with its excellent and curious series of maps, and the clear summary of purely scientific results to be gained by the Polar expeditions, cannot be read without much pleasure as well as solid advantage. Somewhat too much, perhaps, has been said about the importance of Arctic navigation and adventure as a training-school for English seamen and officers. But the scientific gains of further discoveries would be great, and it would seem that those discoveries may well be pursued at no great cost and at no great risk to human life. It is strange to think of the thousands of miles at the two Poles which appear to be capable of sustaining animal life, and which yet can never be inhabited by man except after some great change in the globe on which we live, which would revolutionize the present condition of climate altogether. The Antarctic regions lie far away from the greater portion of the inhabited world. The great continents taper away to the south, and leave the surface of the globe in those latitudes almost entirely to the sea. It is quite different in the north. Mr. Markham teaches us to distrust the prevalent notions as to a large basin of open sea around the North Pole, and we may yet hear of Greenland stretching far nearer to the Pole than is at present known, while the northern coasts of America to the east of Behring's Straits may possibly be confronted at no great distance by land which may also reach to the Pole. But it is certain that the island-studded seas now bound up in the iron grasp of winter around the northern axis of the earth would, under different conditions of climate, be the centre of the world's activity, for the long-stretching shores of the great continents which circle around it would make it the true Mediterranean of the globe.

2. *The Lives of the Irish Saints*, by the Rev. John O'Hanlon, Curate of SS. Michael and John's Church, Dublin, M.R.I.A. Dublin : Duffy and Co.

If in default of a genetic definition of genius, we may for practical purposes accept the somewhat empirical description which identifies it with the aptitude for hard work, the reverend and learned author of the book now under consideration may well lay claim to this transcendant gift. To borrow the words of the illustrious Archbishop of St. Louis, a most competent witness in this matter, the work before us will astonish those who think that learned leisure is necessary for the production of books requiring research and critical acumen. For our own part, we freely own that on rising from the perusal of this first number of the great and good work accomplished by Father O'Hanlon, in those *horæ subsecivæ*, or rather odds and ends of time he has managed to snatch amid the unceasing calls of parochial or missionary duty, we were filled* with amazement. There is a certain occasional negligence of style, the more striking from its contrast with the unquestionable excellences of this truly colossal work, but no pains have been spared to furnish an accurate and living delineation of the sainted personages, who, mighty in word and work, in patience and longsuffering, have shed a hallowed lustre on the dawn of their country's history, and won for "Innisfail," "the isle of destiny," the proud title of the "Isle of the Saints." The first number stops short at January the 5th, yet even within this brief span we pass in review the hallowed memories of no less than thirty saints, either virgins of princely lineage, anchorites, and recluses, or holy bishops rightly dividing the word of truth. Eschewing mere legendary details of miraculous gifts, of visions, and manifestations of our Lord, when not authenticated by strictly historical testimony, the author awakens and sustains our interest by accumulating, from every source he has been able to command, genealogical, topographical, and chronological information, which of itself and apart from the subject-matter of the work, renders it an invaluable handbook for the student of Irish history and folk-lore.

Until within a comparatively late period, the history of Christian races and nations was wound up with and interpenetrated by their ecclesiastical history. Of the ancient French monarchy, which tottered to its fall in the closing decade of the last century, it has been quaintly said somewhere, that it was built up by the bishops of the churches of France even as a hive is constructed by bees; but after reading the erudite pages penned by Father O'Hanlon, no one can question but that the history of Ireland, from the days of the great apostle who first announced to its sons the word of truth which makes us free indeed, to the disastrous period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, is indissolubly blended with that of its saints, both of those whose labours made their native isle the bright pharos of light and culture amid the darkness that overspread the nations, when the dying embers of ancient civilization had been trampled out by the feet of successive barbarian hordes, and

of those who went forth to foreign climes, to gather together the scattered stones of the sanctuary, to found a new civilization in the midst of a world in ruins. Not a nook or corner of that beauteous land, hallowed as it is and endeared to every Catholic heart by the blood and tears of martyred generations, but recalls some sainted memory, but has been the scene of heroic conflict with the false and perverted agency ever seeking to make man its tool and accomplice, and with the debasing tendencies of fallen humanity, of His victory, Who, even in the frailest, the meanest of His servants, triumphs over the powers of darkness. We knew, or at least had some vague notion of this before, but fully to realize it we require some such help as these pages, in which are concentrated the persevering toils of well nigh twenty-five years.

We need not enlarge upon the higher and holier uses to which such a work as this may be applied, on the advantages which daily experience no less than the authority of the masters of ascetism, shows to be derived from the assiduous and devout reading of the lives of the saints. Hardly can we conceive that aught else were possible, when we consider that sanctity implies not only moral excellence, the heroism even of self-sacrifice, but the harmonious blending together of the life of a child of fallen humanity with that of the God-Man, energizing in and through him, not as a merely moral or outward influence, but as an indwelling principle of life and transformation after the image of the new man who was created in justice and true holiness. This, by the way, is the main reason why the Church has given so large and important a place to the *cultus* of the saints in the education of regenerate humanity. The saint is a living Gospel, written by the finger of God, a new manifestation of Christ, of the life of God in the flesh, presented to our imitation and reverence in a concrete, because a living individuality.

But over and above these priceless advantages, we may by anticipation congratulate the reverend author on a result which cannot but speedily follow from his herculean undertaking, an intelligent and earnest devotion, to wit, to the local saints, to the patrons of each townland and parish. The experience of veterans of the sanctuary, of men grown grey in apostolic toils, warrants us in asserting that no devotion is more efficacious in maintaining and restoring faith and piety, or in arresting their decay. To attempt to give the *rationale* of this would be superfluous, and besides, the facts of the case speak for themselves plainly enough for any one who will be at the pains of testing them. We further venture to express the hope that the rich stores of Irish hagiology may be made available for filling up certain gaps in the Calendar, and for supplying proper lessons for the too numerous class of native saints who are reduced to the *Commune* of their respective category or order; a state of things not quite creditable to churches that trace their origin and their purest glories to those whose memory has been in too many cases suffered to dwindle down to a bare name, oft-times even less. The churches of Ireland are now laying aside the weeds of mourning, and greeting, in vesture of

gladness, the dawn of a brighter era. Within the memory of the present generation, men of every section which Irish nationality comprises, have set themselves to study the laws, the institutions, the monuments, to bring to light the relics of the olden times. The work now before us is but one among many of the tokens and results of this movement, which appeals so powerfully and so legitimately to love of country and of race, and we feel assured that it will not fail to give a fresh impetus thereto, if it but meet with the patronage it so well deserves. As Father O'Hanlon shows in his Appendix, the Irish episcopacy, the chief pastors of the Irish colonies settled in the cities of the great Transatlantic Republic, and in the populous centres of British industry, have nobly responded to his appeal. We cannot for a moment doubt that his brethren in the ministry will follow the example set them by their prelates, nor can we deem it possible that the sensitive, noble-minded, and generous race to whom his labours are in the main addressed and dedicated, will allow him to reap therefrom the baleful fruit of discouragement and disappointment, of the carking cares which wait upon financial embarrassment and pecuniary loss. We will add, in conclusion, that the type, the illustrations, and the general get-up of this number reflect the highest credit on the publishers, and prove that Father O'Hanlon was well inspired when he determined that his work should be in every sense a genuine home production.

3. *The Life of the Most Reverend Martin J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore.*
By J. L. Spalding, S.G.L. London: Burns and Oates, 1873.

The history of an epoch, or of any great movement, whether religious or political, to be duly understood and appreciated, must satisfy the requirements of that unity which is a law of the human mind. This is best done when, instead of viewing the facts and developments to be recorded from a merely subjective standpoint, the historian selects the central personage in the phase of human development wherewith he is concerned, presents him to us in his individuality and its surroundings, and by the mere narrative of the personal struggles, defeats, disappointments, and victories of his hero, lays bare to posterity the mainsprings of the actions, of the transformations which characterize every important epoch in the story of mankind, and of the institutions wherewith are associated those two ideals, religion and freedom, the motive power and final causes of every movement that has left a vestige in the chequered annals of our race. Among the several themes replete with instruction and interest that commend themselves to the pen of the historian, the rise and progress of Catholicity in the States of the great North American Republic may claim a foremost place. For the first time in her history, the Church had to go forth in her divine mission of enlightenment and reconciliation, unaided by the smiles of princes, untrammelled alike by their favours or frowns, in a land where she had

hitherto been as a stranger, or rather, where she had been recognized but to be banned and proscribed, where her main safeguard had lain in the contempt her insignificance inspired. A fair field and no favour we had well-nigh said, were the only conditions allowed her, but that she was weighted in the race by the paucity and poverty of the scattered remnant that acknowledged her sway, and still more by the traditions of blind hate and abhorrence wherewith a large number of Americans have been so perseveringly indoctrinated against the Church of their forefathers. There are those still lingering in our midst, on whom manhood had dawned when the seed-corn of the plant which has since attained so goodly a growth, was committed to the virgin soil of the young Republic, by men fitly claiming kindred with the two races that have so often been foremost in the work of the Catholic Apostolate, the Irish and the French. The story of its wondrous development may be best read and accounted for in the lately published *Life of Martin J. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Martin John Spalding was born 23rd of May, 1810, near Lebanon, Marion County, Kentucky. His parents were natives of Maryland, and on both sides the late Archbishop was descended from those Catholic pilgrims of Maryland who established civil and religious liberty under Lord Baltimore. A true patriot, in whose breast love for his country and its institutions was second only to his love for God's Church, the mother of his soul, he frequently recalled with a just pride this glorious ancestry. We have dwelt with interest on the opening pages of his biography, recording as they do the earnest piety, the Spartan simplicity of the earlier Kentuckian settlers, amid whom his earlier years were spent. They seem to us to give the key to his character, and to the high calling of which he was destined to become an ornament. Shallow publicists have, ere this, made the chastity of the Catholic priesthood a theme for their diatribes, as tending to restrict the natural increase of population. Were they at the pains to study the question about which they are so ready to dogmatize, they would find that it is mainly among the fecund and hardy, because chaste and frugal races and classes, that the Catholic clergy, and still more the Catholic Apostolate, finds its recruits.

He was sent at an early age to St. Mary's Seminary, in his native county, where his progress was so rapid that he was appointed to teach mathematics when but sixteen years old. He left St. Mary's after his sixteenth year, and entered St. Joseph's, Bardstown, in 1826, as an ecclesiastical student, where he spent four years in the study of philosophy and theology. It was here that he first became acquainted with Francis Patrick Kenrick, then fresh from the Propaganda. In 1830, having just completed his twentieth year, he was sent to Rome, where he spent four years in the Urban College of the Propaganda. He had not been long in the holy city, ere an attack of cholera, which had then begun its ravages in Western Europe, brought him to death's door.

Being destined however for greater things, he recovered, and pursued his studies with an energy and singleness of purpose which were fitly crowned by the brilliant success wherewith he maintained his theses for the doctor's cap. His letters written at this time breathe a thoroughly Roman spirit, and show that he failed not to appreciate the unspeakable advantages of a training bestowed under the shadow of the Chair of Unity. To speak our own minds, the drawbacks to the thorough efficiency and completeness of clerical education, which, though fast disappearing, have hitherto existed amongst us, were more than compensated by the frequency and closeness of the relations they necessitated with Rome. Who that has been privileged to drink the living waters of doctrine at their fountain head, to behold the action and institutions of the Church unchecked, unmarred by particularist or merely national traditions, but has felt that a grace, secondary indeed, but akin to that of divine faith itself, has been vouchsafed to him? God send that the evil days through which we are passing may not be so prolonged as to enable us to measure these benefits by the deep sense of their loss!

Dr. Spalding, as we may now call him, was the first of his nation who won the honours of the doctorate in theology, in public disputation in Rome. We next find him preparing in retreat for Holy Orders, which he received shortly before leaving for his native land. Before starting, he was privileged to celebrate his first mass in the crypt of St. Peter's, on the very tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. On his return to Kentucky, he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's, Bardstown, then and for many years after, the finest church in the Western States. A detailed report of his labours and successes is to be found in his biennial reports to the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda, which he faithfully continued until he was made the coadjutor to Bishop Flaget. He also filled at the same time the chair of philosophy at the Diocesan Seminary. In addition to his missionary and scholastic duties, he undertook to contribute to a Catholic monthly called the *Minerva*, which after its first year merged into the *Catholic Advocate*, under the editorship of Dr. Spalding. The first number, which appeared in February, 1835, contains a programme which is well worth studying nowadays.

Then as now, the unfailing instinct of Protestantism warned it that it was unfit to make head against the Church unless backed and supported by the civil power. In the name of religious freedom, which in the mouths of so many of its Protestant advocates is a simple euphemism for the right to insult and oppress Catholics without let or hindrance, or even to dictate to a Catholic nation how they are to educate their children, prescriptive measures were invoked against the Catholic citizens. Dr. Spalding, with that readiness to perceive the requirements of the situation which distinguishes practical genius, threw himself into the arena of religious journalism. Nor were his contributions confined to the *Advocate*; he wrote for the *United States Catholic*

Magazine, the *Catholic Cabinet*, and the *Metropolitan*. Till well-nigh the close of his days so full of works, he found time to write something for the *Louisville Guardian*, which succeeded the *Advocate*.

In 1838, he accepted provisionally the presidency of St. Joseph's College, whence he was transferred to Lexington in 1840. The account of his connection with this city contains many interesting pages and useful hints to his brethren in the sacred ministry. On the transfer of the episcopal see from Bardstown to Louisville, he was recalled to the scene of his earlier labours, and invested with the office of vicar-general, which, owing to the increasing infirmities of his bishop, was equivalent in his case to the sole charge of the diocese. He found time, however, to preach, lecture, to give retreats to the clergy, communities, and houses of education. The assailants of Catholicity in the pulpit and the press were taught by him that silence was their better policy. His greatest delight was to preach to the young and to instruct children: a task for which he seemed specially endowed.

In 1848, Dr. Spalding was elevated to the episcopal dignity as coadjutor of the venerable Dr. Flaget, with the right of succession. The aged prelate lived but a year and a half after this appointment, and among the many services done to religion by Dr. Spalding, that of embalming the memory of this truly Apostolic pastor is not the least important. The zeal and energy he had given proof of in a humbler sphere of duty only shone more conspicuously in the dignity his merits had won for him. He at once entered on the visitation of his diocese, and manifested everywhere the greatest earnestness in the cause of religious education. He had arranged before starting to have missions preached in the several congregations he was about to visit. He ever attached the highest importance to this means of grace, and even while at Rome had studied to fit himself for this work.

On his return from this first visitation, the retreat he preached to his clergy proved him to have a thorough understanding of what was to be done, and of the manner of doing it. The brief space at our command compels us to refer to his biography for the detail of the numerous works that owed to his unwearying energy either their initiation or development. His zeal for the religious education of the poor led him to undertake the voyage to Europe in order to secure the services of the Xaverian Brothers. It was at that time he laid the foundation of the American College at Louvain, which has since proved so fertile a nursery of priests for the missions of the United States. Before returning, he had his first personal interview with Pius the Ninth. His letters written about this time contain an interesting record of the impressions made upon him by the several persons and institutions he came in contact with. The succeeding chapters of his Life describe in full his struggles against the band of religious fanatics and unprincipled demagogues who, under the name of "Know-nothings," conspired to deprive their Catholic fellow-citizens of the rights and status secured to them by the laws. It was no difficult task for him to meet and vanquish this

outburst of Protestantism militant in the field of argument, but it taxed his influence to the utmost to keep within the bounds of moderation those who acknowledged his spiritual leadership, and whom their desecrated sanctuaries, rifled abodes, and murdered brethren, urged on to bloody reprisals. The Councils of his province, where his influence was paramount, opened to him a new arena for his unflagging zeal in the cause of efficient clerical training, and the religious education of the people.

While promoting these all-important interests in his own diocesan synods, he strove, as far as circumstances would permit, to bring the position of the clergy into ever closer conformity with what the sacred Canons suppose. On the death of Dr. Kenrick, in 1864, the Bishop of Louisville was promoted to the first and most honourable see in his native land, a choice which met with universal approval. He took possession on the 31st of July, 1864, and considered it, as he told a friend, a happy omen that he began his new duties on the day hallowed by St. Ignatius, the father of so many Apostolic men.

His historian dwells lovingly on the great works his zeal for God's glory effected in his new diocese, on his discretion in word and deed amid the trying ordeal through which his beloved country had then to pass, of his charity, which, during and after the strife, knew no distinction of colour, cause, or creed, but spent itself to assuage the sorrows of all alike. His further history blends with that of the Councils of his province, and the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, at which he presided as Apostolic Delegate, and which owes in a great measure to his foresight and ability, as was confessed by the assembled Fathers of the latter gathering, the wisdom and practical utility of its decrees. At the voice of the Supreme Pastor, he once more crossed the ocean, to be present at the centenary of the Prince of the Apostles; and while in Rome, established the American College on a lasting foundation. On the 26th of October, 1869, he again bade farewell to his church and people in order to assist at the Vatican Council. As is well known, at the outset he preferred that the then vexed question of Papal Infallibility should be set at rest by an indirect rather than by a direct definition.

The events and movements which marked the course of the discussion both within and without the Council, soon determined him to take a side more in unison with that filial love for the Church of Rome, which, with his tenderness for God's Mother, his love for children, and the poor and afflicted, was a salient trait of his noble character. The chapters relating to the part he took in the conciliar deliberations are worthy to rank as most able contributions to ecclesiastical history, and are the best refutation we have yet met with of the aspersions cast upon the proceedings of this august assembly by the Liberal press. We need not tell how the Council came to a premature, and to human ken, an indefinite adjournment.

Dr. Spalding returned home, and was greeted, as on former occasions, by his fellow-citizens, and especially by his brethren and the

faithful flock, whose traditions of loyalty to the Holy See he had so nobly borne witness to and affirmed. The time was fast drawing nigh when his days, so full of good works, were coming to a close.

The author dwells with loving prolixity on the incidents of this last scene, and we promise that it is not the part of his work which will be read and re-read the least frequently. Suffice it to say that the death of the ever to be regretted prelate was in close correspondence with a life spent over and again in the service of God's Church. He fell asleep in the Lord on February 7th, 1872, and was buried on the 9th, in his own metropolitan church, with every token of public regard. As we said at the outset, his history identifies itself with that of the Catholic Church in the land he ever loved so dearly, and serves to diminish somewhat our wonder at the rapid strides wherewith Catholicity is advancing to the peaceful conquest of this mighty confederation, since it could train in its bosom, and number amongst its hierarchs, such a man as Dr. Martin John Spalding, its late chief pastor, is shown to have been.

4. *Les Bretons Insulaires et les Anglo-Saxons du V. au VII. Siècle.* Par Arthur de la Borderie. Didier, 1873.

M. de la Borderie adds one more to the increasing list of Frenchmen who are devoting themselves in earnest to literature, in the sense which implies a good deal of pains, examination, and research; and although a chief part of his volume may look to us like what he disclaims it to be, another chapter of English history, still it is a chapter drawn from original, not second-hand, sources, and it has one special interest to ourselves, in his notices of King Arthur. He himself describes his book as an attempt to follow out the events which led large bodies of Britons to leave our island and found the Armorican-Britannic Dukeedom in France, where, as he truly says, their scattered wrecks made salvage of honour and freedom, language and name; and, he might have added, that in so doing they have been able also to transmit to their descendants a spirit of high-minded yet practical loyalty, of incorruptible integrity and resolute manhood, in which it would be well if all France partook.

Passing over the Roman subjugation and Christianizing of Britain, and the subsequent abandonment of the province to the invasions of the Keltic Picts and Scots, we turn to M. de la Borderie's fifth chapter, and to him who,

Thro' the puissance of his Table Round
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned.

This wonderful interlude of power, whose reality in some shape increased research seems more and more to corroborate, is generally placed at from A.D. 530 to 552. M. de la Borderie ingeniously infers that the obstinate silence of the Anglo-Saxon historians as to this period springs from the ascendancy they profess to ignore. Even rejecting all the more wonderful

and wonder-working myths of Arthur's conquests, which under that aspect rival those of Charlemagne or Cæsar, there is still mention enough of the British chief in Llewarz Hen, the lives of St. Padarn, St. Cadoc, St. Carantic, and St. Gildas, with the reputed history of Nennius, to put together, not indeed the splendid and undying ideal of our great poet, but a powerful and successful chieftain who was able to form the sand rope of British rulers into such a confederation as was able to defy both Kelt and Saxon for at least a period of twenty years. In the *Brut er Brenined* of the tenth century, a curious picture is given of the "Amperador Arthur," sitting in his hall with some of his Court, with Guinevere and her ladies working at the window. He sat in a chair made of green rushes, on a crimson carpet, and leaning on a red "samite" cushion. A knight tells a story to the rest while they were eating and drinking hydromel, and then Arthur was waked up by their loud voices, washed his hands, and they all went in to dinner.

But though, according to Nennius, many of the contemporary British kings were superior to Arthur in power, wealth, and perhaps lineage, his valour bore all before him. Others groaned and suffered, but Arthur found a remedy for the general desolation created by the Picts, which had made "the land of Cameliard" a waste.

King Leodogran
Groaned for the Roman legions here again,
And Cæsar's eagles.

But it was Arthur who

Drave
The heathen, after, slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so return'd.

The British confederation, the reality of the poem of the Round Table, extended from Cornwall up to the river Dee, on which Caerleon or Chester lay, and was chiefly effected after the death of Hueil or Howel, Prince of Strath-cluyd, whose capital, Arduyd, is now Dumbarton. Howel was the brother of St. Gildas, and with his other legion of brothers, according to that abbot's chronicle, defeated Arthur many times, and won the most formidable enemies to his pendragonship. Arthur, however, surprized Howel once unawares in the Isle of Anglesey (Môn.), and put him to death; in fact, assassinated him, for which treachery he is said to have done life-long penance. The Northern Britains, seeing that their power of opposition to Arthur as pendragon was broken, withdrew their resistance and entered heartily into the general league against the Saxon host.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and through that strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm, and reign'd.

The twelve battles are universally traditional, but the place and order of their fighting are most doubtful. They are mentioned by Nennius as

first, on the Northumberland Glen, a tributary of the Tweed ; second to fifth, on the Douglas, in Lancashire ; sixth, near Basingstoke ; seventh, in the forest of Kelydon, in Lincolnshire ; eighth, in Durham (Binchester) ; ninth, near the northern Caerleon (Chester)—the southern Caerleon was Usk, or near it, in Monmouthshire, the ancient kingdom of Gwent ; tenth and eleventh, on the Esk and near Edinburgh (Agned) ; twelfth, was the famous battle of Mount Badon, which was really fought before Arthur's time. There were two other battles fought by him, not usually numbered in the traditional twelve, all of which were waged against the heathen Saxons, who, under Hengist, Horsa, and Cerdic, deluged Britain with bloodshed, broke up the last fragments of Roman rule and civilization, and waged the cruellest warfare against the true faith.

Arthur's death is involved in even a greater cloud of myths than his "coming" and the Round Table. It is impossible to know whether Roman immorality had so sapped the social order and life of the province, that, as the poet of his story magnificently sets forth in "Guinevere," the "purpose of his life" was spoilt, and all the

Glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as models for the mighty world,
And be a fair beginning of a time,

was ruined and rooted up by social sin and decay ; whether his "sister's son," Modred, or Mordred, leagued "with lords of the white horse"—the Saxons—against him, and he was treacherously slain ; or whether, again, borne down in that "great battle in the west," where many of his former knights basely joined his foes, he fell by their hand to end the British rule. The *Brut er Brenin* decidedly says that he fell at Camelford, fighting against Mordred, or Modred ; but, however that may be, the beautiful legends of the King's "passing away," without dying, to Avilion, and of his future reawakening from sleep to assert his kingship over all Britain, was probably framed to cover the downfall and treachery by which the "lords of the white horse" finally took possession of England.

We are apt, however, to forget that the British league achieved by Arthur, though broken and divided at his death, so far retained its tenacity of purpose that the Saxon conquest was not completed under two hundred years, when the remnant of the heroic race were driven back into Wales and Cornwall, and across the Channel to perpetuate their name in France. And we feel inclined to sympathize with M. de la Borderie's feeling of "legitimate pride" in the two centuries of British resistance to the Anglo-Saxons, while they themselves succumbed to the Norman rule in about a dozen years. In regard, however, both to Briton and Saxon, to Urien, Cadwallon, and even of Arthur himself, as well as to the brave defence of Hereward the Wake, we comfort ourselves with the deep wisdom of the poet's words—

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

5. *Irish Emigration to the United States. What it has been and what it is.* By the Rev. Father Stephen Byrne, O.P. London : Burns and Oates, 1873.

Much as it is to be deplored on many accounts, the attraction which has drawn so many of the Irish race from their native land shows no tokens of diminished intensity. Hence the pressing need for such works as this, which, in a spirit reflecting credit on the author's sacred profession, and his earnest desire to be of service to his race, is written with the care the subject demands, and brings home to the intending emigrant valuable, because accurate, information.

The work is in two parts. The first contains sound and plain information as to the prospects, duties, dangers, and usual mistakes of emigrants, the resources of the States, the classes for whom emigration is not a rash venture, the precautions to be observed on landing, and in the choice of a temporary home. The concluding chapters offer some very sensible remarks on education, the vital importance of temperance, and as is befitting the writer's sacred character, some brief and valuable reminders, which, as sad experience proves, are in nowise superfluous, of the duties entailed by church-membership. We are glad to find that he agrees with the best authorities, in recommending his countrymen to avoid, as much as possible, the large centres of population.

The second part contains tabulated statements of the population, area, and resources of each State and Territory, based upon official documents. The Catholic statistics are copied from the *Catholic Almanack* of 1873, and in many cases from the letters of the most reverend prelates of the Union, to nearly all of whom an application was made. Recourse has been had also to about thirty governors of States and Territories, the substance of whose replies is extensively made use of in the second part of the work.

What is most striking to the casual reader, is that a small country like Ireland should have been able to pour forth so many millions of its population within the brief space of half a century. For, between 1820 and 1872, no less than four millions of its natives have found homes in the American Union.

This is not the place to enter into the causes of so vast an exodus, or to anticipate the verdict of history upon them ; rather may we turn to the manifold miseries involved in the process of emigration, and the perils the emigrant had to encounter till within the comparatively brief space of twenty years. The name of "floating charnel houses," given to the emigrant ships of those days on the platform and in the periodical press, was the sober expression of the plain, unvarnished, ghastly fact. Father Byrne, as we are glad to see, forgets not to claim the gratitude of the Irish race for that benefactor to his kind, the English philanthropist, Vere Foster, to whose noble efforts on behalf of the helpless the present amended conditions of emigration are due. We may add that, though handling dry statistics, the clear and vigorous style of the reverend author sustains throughout the reader's interest ; indeed, we might say

that he places himself in a sort of personal relation with him, which is due to the tone of earnest, unaffected sympathy with the needs and trials of the struggling classes, of fatherly interest in their welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, which the warm-hearted race to whom he mainly addresses these pages are never slow to recognize, and which, by the way, will help us to account for the closeness of the ties that bind the Irish people to their devoted pastors. In a word, the work under review presents to us its author as harmoniously blending together the man of business and the zealous priest, characters which some deem incompatible.

The volume is convenient in size and type, and would form a valuable addition to parochial libraries. No emigrant, and certainly no gentleman whom duty or charity may place in the position of advising intending emigrants, should be without it.

6. *Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit in the Christian Era. An Historical Essay.*
By J. J. Ign. von Döllinger. Translated, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices,
by Alfred Plummer, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Rivingtons, London,
1873.

It has been repeatedly observed that at periods of social crisis, of national peril and misfortune, the human mind takes refuge from the disasters of the present in predictions of a better and brighter future. The utterances of hitherto forgotten seers are sought out, or invented at times, and more or less strained into harmony with cotemporary events, in order that their sequel, as yet hidden in the obscurities of the future, may bolster up failing hope. This description belongs to most of those predictions Dr. Döllinger classes among *dynastic* and *national* prophecies, which with the *religious* and *cosmopolitan* prophecies constitute the four categories he distinguishes in the Introduction to his work. Purely religious prophecies, *i.e.*, the partial and gradual revelations of the providential plan concerning the Christ, the central figure of inspired prophecy as well as of history, His work, and the development of His kingdom in time and space, find no place in the present treatise. There is, indeed, a passing mention of the Apocalypse of St. John, in the section which deals with the Sibylline books, but the work treats exclusively of predictions belonging to the three other categories indicated above. Though in nowise disposed to gainsay the assertion that the literature of extra-scriptural prophecy contains much that is false, as the event has shown ; much, too, that may be classed with conjecture, or the conclusions of merely human foresight ; we must take exception to the sweeping condemnation more than implied by the author, who wholly ignores the permanence of the prophetic gift in the Church. They who may be tempted to allow that he has made his position good, should remember that it is inconsistent with facts narrated in the Acts of the Apostles, and frequently mentioned in the Pauline Epistles, which number the spirit of prophecy among the *charismata*, or extraordinary

gifts of the Holy Ghost. The Church, too, has at divers times, in obedience to the Apostolic warning,¹ exercised the gift of discerning spirits, vested in her by the same Divine Spirit, by testing prophetic utterances, branding as impostures such as betrayed the authorship of interest or passion, condemning whatever bore the traces of seduction and lies, but stamping with her sanction those, which after scrupulous examination, gave evidence of a supernatural origin. As the pious Gerson observes, in approving extra-scriptural prophecies, the Church in nowise intends to guarantee the divine inspiration of their subject-matter, or even their absolute truth. According to him, the real import of this sanction is two-fold ; on the one hand, like the *Imprimatur* of a local ordinary, it is a merely negative testimony to the absence of aught that is contrary to the analogy of faith and to the prescriptions of morality ; on the other, it vouches for the plausibility, the probability of the prediction, which it commands to the reverence and pious meditation of the faithful, but it ever stops short of imposing it as a matter of belief, of requiring our inward assent. This is proof sufficient that in this point, as in many others of greater importance, the Munich Professor is at issue with the Church, who by trying prophecies, witnesses to her conviction that the prophetic gift, both as implying the fore-knowledge of future events and the revealing of the secrets of the heart, still abides in her midst. We may further observe, as an indication of the *animus* of the unhappy author, that in treating of mediæval prophecies, he never fails to give special prominence to those utterances of rampant fanaticism or blind party-spirit, which, forestalling the students of prophecy and the Apocalyptic seers of a certain school, robbed them of merit even of originality, by identifying the Apostolic See and the successors of St. Peter with the mystic Babylon and the impersonation of the world's revolt against Christ. To use the words of Dean Church, in his essay on Dante, Dr. Döllinger in his present work gives token of a remarkable aptitude for confusing the spirit and feelings of the middle ages with our own, in that he converts every fierce attack on the Popes into an anticipation of Luther. Strong language of this description was far too common-place to be significant. No age is blind to practical abuses, or silent about them : when the middle ages complained, it was with a loud-mouthed rhetoric, which greedily seized on every topic of vilification within reach. It was far less singular, and far less bold to criticize ecclesiastical authorities than has been often supposed ; but it by no means implied unsettled faith or revolutionary designs. We may add in conclusion that, though indisposed to quarrel with the flippant tone of the Doctor's allusions to Benedict the Fourteenth and St. Thomas Aquinas, who, for obvious reasons, is invariably made an object of attack by all who have made shipwreck concerning the faith, we will suggest that, for his own credit, he should, if he quote him at all, quote him accurately, and not father upon him views which he notices but to refute. St. Thomas, though not an adept of "German science,"

¹ 1 St. John iv. 1.

managed to know what he was writing about, and, as his own words show,² was able to draw a hard and fast line of distinction between the conscious certainty accompanying an express revelation, and that which attaches to the spontaneous workings of the prophet's mind and the indefinite presentiments of what may be called the prophetic instinct.

7. *The Consoler; or, Pious Readings addressed to the Sick and to all who are afflicted.*
By the Rev. F. Lambillotte, S. J. Translated from the French by the Right Rev.
Abbot Burder, O. Cist. London: Washbourne, 1873.

“O Pain, I will never own that thou art an evil!” was the exclamation of the stoic whose endurance was being tested by the racking tortures of the gout. The insight afforded by divine faith into the ways of Providence, enables us to bear with, nay, even to welcome sorrow and suffering as a potent instrument in the hands of God's fatherly love for all the brethren of His Christ, as a means of purification and renewal, of conformity with Him Who was manifested to us as the type, the model of regenerate humanity. The book before us develops this theme in the loving- and sympathetic language of one schooled by affliction, and taught by the experience of a long and lingering sickness, to feel in himself the woes and trials of his fellows. It is short, and witnesses to the enlightened piety and well-stored mind of its author, who presents it as the fruit of his readings and meditations during the enforced leisure of the sick-room. We find interspersed among the several considerations, devout forms of prayer and colloquy with the suffering Saviour, His sorrowing Mother, and St. Joseph. The last pages contain a few homely, practical hints to those who attend on or visit the sick and the dying, which, as we know from a somewhat long experience, are by no means superfluous or out of place. The right rev. translator, whilst preserving the solidity and unction of the original, has given us a really English version. Indeed, had we not been aware of it beforehand, we could hardly have imagined that we were reading a translation from the French.

III.—CORRECTIONS OF THE PRESS.

1.—*Mr. Baring Gould on St. Symeon Salos and St. Nicolas of Trani.*

We may as well say a few words as to this new heading in our Review. Catholics are very well aware of the enormous amount of misrepresentation, deliberate or indeliberate, which the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly press of this country is occupied in heaping upon religion and all that is connected with it, and they are sometimes inclined to sit down and fold their hands in despair. Such an attitude

² 2a 2c, q. clxxi., a. 5, in *Corp.*

may well be justified, if we consider nothing but our chances of inducing the writers in question, in general, to acknowledge or withdraw their errors. Falsehood is too valuable a weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church to be lightly laid aside. Except brute force, it is their only weapon, and though the progress of Bismarckism in this country makes it not at all improbable that brute force may be called in before long, just at present the English mind is more accessible to falsehood. But apart from this, we have a duty to the truth, and that duty must be performed without respect to the obstinate malice of many of our antagonists, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Moreover, there is a power about the truth which in the long run silences, if it does not convert, even the most malignant. And surely we have every reason to trust to the honesty, candour, and love of truth for its own sake, of by far the larger portion of our countrymen, who may be imposed upon for a time, but who will listen to plain reiterated statements of facts and exposures of falsehoods, till at last the mercenaries of infidelity and immorality may find out to their cost that it is not quite safe to play their game so freely.

The exposure of misrepresentation is never a pleasant task, and it often involves a considerable amount of labour. It is so much easier to dash off a false statement, or to turn a true into a false statement by clever manipulation, than to trace the falsehood to its origin, or to point out just the few grains of truth that lie imbedded in it. Nevertheless, we believe it to be the duty of Catholic writers, from time to time, to undertake this labour, and we shall hope not to be without assistance in our endeavours to knock on the head some few of the more latrant and blatant of the brood of monstrosities to which the English press gives birth with such uninterrupted fecundity.

We are sorry to have to begin with a writer who has been rather petted, if we may say so, by certain Catholic critics. He is already a voluminous author; and the mere catalogue of his various works shows that he is an industrious author likewise. It has perhaps been too rashly assumed that he has "leanings" to Catholicism, or that he writes with a religious aim. We do not say that this is not so; but the works to which his name is attached might very well have been written by a mere bookmaker. For bookmaking is a profession in our country and time, and the bookmaker is in truth a mere craftsman, who will write on any subject that is likely to interest the public and so pay for his labour. The mere fact that Mr. Baring Gould has undertaken to write a series of the *Lives of the Saints* is an indubitable evidence of his industry and of the enterprize of his publishers. Beyond this, it proves nothing of itself, and we think that some good Christians among us have been induced to let their charity lead them too rapidly to the conclusion that a man who writes saints' lives must be on his road to the Church. He may be so, just as a man who comes to hear a beautiful High Mass out of love for music may be on his road to the faith, but the result in either case is by no means necessary.

But we must to our work. Whether he be a mere bookmaker, or a writer moved by a serious devotion to the saints and their history in his *Lives of the Saints*, Mr. Baring Gould has chosen to combine with his character as author of that series another which at first sight is not very congruous to it—the character, namely, of article writer on the saints in *Fraser's Magazine*, “edited by James Anthony Froude, M.A.” In two successive numbers of that periodical, Mr. Gould has set himself to the task of what some of his critics have termed “demolishing” a saint or two, just by the way, as it were, and to relieve himself from what appears to be the irksome monotony of plodding through so many saintly lives, some of which he cannot but feel are not very congenial in tone to the atmosphere of a smug English parsonage, with all its domestic surroundings. We must say that we could have wished some other hand than that of a professed hagiologist had done this little bit of dirty work for *Fraser's Magazine*. We had not long ago to expose in these pages the misrepresentations of an article in that magazine, which displayed a shameful and flagrant ignorance of its subject-matter—of course a Catholic subject—which is sufficient evidence of the *animus* with which that periodical is conducted in respect of such subjects. We are, apparently, henceforth to consider Mr. Baring Gould as an ally of Mr. Froude in his peculiar method of warfare against the Church which he detests with so earnest a hatred. Let us examine, therefore, how in the two instances before us he has performed his task.

Every one knows that hagiology is one of the richest, and, so to say, wildest and most luxuriant fields of ecclesiastical literature. There are saints of all kinds, classes, and characters. There are legendary saints and historical saints, miraculous saints and simple saints, saints fantastic, saints grotesque, saints whose outward lives have been hardly distinguishable from those of common Christians in the work-day sobriety of their course, and others who have been extraordinary and abnormal from beginning to end, admirable but not imitable, men and women who have taken the directions of the Gospel to the very letter—who have caught the inspiration to make themselves fools for the sake of Christ, Who was once thought to be mad,¹ and have not hesitated to follow it. There are few more perfect models of moderation and good sense in the saintly life than St. Ignatius of Loyola, and yet, if there had not been other reasons against it, he would gladly have gone through the streets of Rome half naked and covered with filth, dressed up like a fool in order to draw upon himself, the laughter and insults of the people. We are not called on to act on such desires, but only the narrowest and most unspiritual minds can be shocked at or deny their existence. They have guided many of the true saints of God, and there are no doubt many authenticated actions in their lives which truly instance this phase of sanctity, and are as grotesque and ridiculous to worldly eyes as some of the actions of the prophets of the Old Testament. And besides these true instances of what we may call saintly folly, there are

¹ St. Mark iii. 21.

probably a great number of legendary stories of the same kind, as to which we cannot say whether they are true or false, but only that they are recorded by a good or bad authority, as the case may be, and represent the character of the saint as their own authors viewed it. Two things with regard to this subject-matter are quite certain. One is, that if we take the measure of the Scripture saints as our guide, and remember whom St. Paul seems to canonize in his famous chapter about faith, we are prepared beforehand to find in the lives of saints, popularly so called in Christian times—we mean saints who are accepted as such, because they are recorded in ancient catalogues, or have been honoured by local worship, as distinguished from the solemn approbation of the Church—a great number of incidents and a great number of characters, which, as they are represented to our notice, are strange and grotesque enough. The other is, that unless we suppose a perpetual and universal miracle on purpose, where there is no due cause to be assigned for such a supernatural intervention, it is quite certain that a great number of legends will cluster round the saints, which the Church can in no way undertake to guarantee. Her most solemn and deliberate process in the case of a canonized saint, does not guarantee more than the saintliness and glory of the saint. It does not canonize all his actions, nor ratify all that his biographers relate of him. It does not extend even to the details of his legend, as they are inserted in the Breviary. Besides her Breviary, her Missal, and her Calendar, which refers to both, she has indeed another record of minor authority, known by the name of the Roman Martyrology. But to suppose that because his name is to be found in the Roman Martyrology, therefore every action told in every life of some local saint is approved by the Church, and put before her children as to be imitated, is one of the most preposterous and ignorant assertions that can be made on this subject. The penitent thief is included in the Martyrology, and his office and Mass are said in many churches. And there are scores of saints recorded in the same catalogue, whose actions, as related by their biographers, could no more be sanctioned by the Church than the early life of the penitent thief.

What is the authority of the Roman Martyrology? Benedict the Fourteenth, in lib. iv., part ii., cap. xvii., § 9, of his famous work on Beatification and Canonization, will help to solve this question. The authority of the Roman Martyrology is in kind and degree the same as that of the legends, or short biographical sketches, which serve on saints' days for the lessons of the second nocturn in the Roman Breviary. The central ecclesiastical authority in approving an edition of the Martyrology, in ordering its exclusive use in public prayer, attests thereby that it is in harmony with the results of contemporary historical research. It neither intends, nor can it be supposed to intend, to affirm the absolute truth of what has to be measured by the necessarily shifting standard of historical criticism. The successive revisions to which the Martyrology has been submitted, more frequently than any other service-book, sufficiently indicate that its approval by

the Chief Pastor by no means implies its absolute correctness. A further confirmation of this view, if confirmation it needs, is to be found in the broad distinction drawn by Benedict the Fourteenth, between the solemn and definitive judgment of canonization and the mere insertion, or, as in the case of the saint in question, the mere leaving, of a name on the roll of saints and martyrs.

Besides asserting in set terms that the Apostolic See does not warrant the certain and unquestionable truth of whatever is contained in the Martyrology, the same learned Pontiff, in a subsequent chapter,² shows that even in the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which numbers amongst its prerogatives that of inscribing the names of the newly canonized in the Martyrology, there is a division of opinion as to the import of such an insertion. His own judgment on the point in debate is that of itself, apart from other circumstances, the mere fact of a person being named in the Martyrology furnishes no ground for the inference that his or her public *cultus* is either commanded or even allowed by the Church, and he makes good his position by arguments drawn from the legal import of Beatification and Canonization. In fact, if *cultus* were even permitted by the mere act of the insertion of a name, or by virtue of its presence, in the Martyrology, there would be no need for beatification in that case.

Mr. Baring Gould, it would appear, in his studies of the Bollandists, has come across some of the more "eccentric" saints' lives, and we only wonder that he has not made more of them, if this sort of employment suits him. The Bollandist collection is conscientiously historical, to a degree which it would be very well if Mr. Baring Gould could imitate. The writers give their authority for what they state, and print old lives wherever they can get hold of them: in fact, it is this very antiquarianism and conscientiousness which gives their work its authority, which has sometimes brought them across the anger of Catholic critics more or less interested in a particular saint or a particular legend, and at the same time, prevented their mighty volumes from becoming popular reading. They are rather collectors of materials for hagiology, than hagiologists in the common sense of the term. Their ecclesiastical and historical value is exactly that of the documents which they produce, added to that of their own great learning in editing those documents. The two lives of which Mr. Baring Gould has made so much are instances in which the perfect faithfulness of the Bollandists to ancient testimony has overcome the scruples they might have felt on religious grounds as to putting forward so much that they could not approve, and which might very possibly create scandal. The Bollandists knew that these documents had a value of their own, and inserted them, as they always do, with unflinching honesty. No doubt the same honesty would prevent them from anticipating the use made of their materials by unprincipled writers who might come after them; but their books teem with such documents.

² Cap. xix., § 14—16.

If a modern writer—Mr. Hepworth Dixon for example, who “does” half a hemisphere at a time into volumes in which brilliancy of style and beauty of type are only excelled by utter untrustworthiness of statement—were to take to raking out all the odd stories contained in the Bollandists, he might make a fortune. If, by a happy accident, he were to exaggerate nothing, distort nothing, impute no motives, colour no narrative, never mistranslate, and never impute to a racy legend any greater authority than really belongs to it, we might be sorry that such a book had been written, as it might scandalize many, but we should not have to speak of the writer in the way in which we are sorry to have to speak of Mr. Baring Gould. This writer, in his two articles on St. Symeon Salos and St. Nicolas of Trani, has done his work so unfairly, and with so evident a purpose, that we have to make the largest possible allowance for his ignorance and for the peculiar position of a writer about saints in Mr. Froude’s magazine, in order to save ourselves from the necessity of imputing to him deliberate dishonesty. As Mr. Baring Gould does not scruple to impute historical untruthfulness and moral dishonesty to several excellent Catholic writers whom he names, he cannot be surprised at the strength of our language to himself.

We shall begin by an instance of what we hope is Mr. Baring Gould’s ignorance. He begins his article on St. Symeon Salos by the following remark—“In the modern Roman Martyrology we find on July 1, St. Symeon Salos given as a confessor, *approved by Rome as a model for Christians to take example by.*” The natural inference from this is, that the Church sets before her children all the licentiousness which follows in Mr. Gould’s pages—which as we shall show, is the invention of his own imagination—as something which her children are to imitate. The truth is, the Martyrology simply inserts the name of St. Symeon as venerated on that day, the name being taken from the Greek Menology, as all the saints honoured in the East before the schism and mentioned in that Catalogue were inserted in the Roman Martyrology at its last revision, at the instance of Baronius. At the end of his article, Mr. Baring Gould returns to the charge—

The service in the Roman Church for this illustrious saint, to be used by those who are pleased to commemorate him, is the Common for Confessors not Bishops. One of the antiphons for the psalms is “Well done, good servant; because thou hast been faithful,” &c. Another is, “A faithful and wise steward, whom the Lord hath set over His household.” . . . The chapter for vespers is Eccl. xxxi.—“Blessed is the man who is found without blemish, that hath not gone after gold,” &c. And the antiphon to the Magnificat has such a fine touch of irony—“I will like him to a wise man that built his house upon a rock.” The Bollandists say of his deeds that they are “*miranda sed non imitanda*”—but they touch on dangerous ground, for in the collect for this festival good Catholics pray—“Mercifully grant that as we celebrate his birthday to immortality, we may also imitate his actions.”

The whole of this is pure and unmitigated fiction. There is no service whatever in the Roman Breviary for St. Symeon Salos, nor does his name occur in its Calendar from beginning to end. The application

of the antiphons, and chapter and prayer are entirely Mr. Baring Gould's own, who charges the Bollandists with touching on dangerous ground when he himself is standing on nothing at all but his own invention. It is by no means probable that the Church would ever permit an office or mass to be said in honour of a saint, who, even if truly a saint, was not a model for imitation to ordinary Christians; but if she did so, she would be certain to see to the appropriateness of the prayers and other parts of such office. We must also add a similar remark as to Mr. Gould's account of the appearance of the name of St. Symeon in the Roman Martyrology—

This scoundrel is venerated by Greeks and Russians as a saint, and Cardinal Baronius, with culpable negligence, introduced his name into the modern Roman Martyrology, and Papal Infallibility has thrown the mantle of sanctity over his unsavoury acts.

And again—

The only way in which I can account for this insertion in the Calendar is that Baronius read the first part of the Life, and was pleased with it, and did not trouble himself to conclude the somewhat lengthy manuscript.

This again is entirely Mr. Baring Gould's imagination. The name was inserted along with others simply, as we have said above, because it was in the old Greek catalogues, and nothing but the grossest ignorance can excuse the statement that Papal Infallibility has anything whatever to do with these acts—any more than it has to do with Mr. Baring Gould's own *Lives of the Saints*, or his articles in *Fraser*.

We now turn to the stories themselves on which Mr. Baring Gould has founded his articles. We are at some disadvantage, as for a complete exposure of the trick which he has played upon the public we should have to follow him step by step through some dozen closely printed pages, and comment on every line. We can only say that he has hardly touched anything without disfiguring or distorting it, in the two lives on which he has fastened, and that he has omitted a number of facts which would enable the reader to detect the imposture. Two more dishonest pictures were never drawn. The story of St. Symeon Salos—his success in which seems to have induced the writer to carry on his unsavoury work to St. Nicolas of Trani—is perfectly well known in its outlines to the ordinary readers of hagiology. The first part of the life of this saint of the sixth century, containing his flight to a monastery and his life as a hermit, is of considerable beauty, and does not receive the worst treatment at the hands of Mr. Baring Gould. Even this, however, he tells in a distorted, unfair manner, which at least prepares us for what is to follow. After a time the saint goes to Emesa, and there leads a very remarkable life indeed, a mixture of high sanctity, simplicity, and grotesque absurdity. "Towards the close of that life," say the Bollandists, whom Mr. Baring Gould quotes, "many things occur, silly, stupid, absurd, scandalous to the ignorant, and to the learned and better educated worthy rather of laughter than of faith." Mr. Baring Gould

goes on to tell us that the "unfortunate Bollandists were not at liberty to avoid the unpleasant task" of translating this life, which is by a contemporary, "as Symeon figured among the saints of the Roman Calendar." This is not true. The Roman Calendar is not the same thing as the Martyrology, which contains thousands of names which are not in the Calendar, of which names that of Symeon is one. Nor were the "unfortunate Bollandists" under any compulsion at all—such as may affect certain writers under certain editors. They were far more free to leave St. Symeon out than Mr. Baring Gould, in writing for Mr. Froude's magazine, was free to relate his life without giving it a certain bad colour. The Bollandists go on to say—and this Mr. Baring Gould does not quote—that if the life is examined more closely, the reader will find great reason to consider and reverence God, Who leads His saints to heaven by so many different paths, and they quote a beautiful passage from Baronius as to the import of this particular life. The key to the whole of this latter part of St. Symeon's life is, that among other holy instincts, he was so smitten with the love of being thought a fool for Christ's sake, that he did a great number of absurd things with this object, to turn from himself the veneration of the people. This view of his life is no modern invention; it is found in the earliest, almost contemporary, narrative, and in the Greek Menæa and Menology. Mr. Baring Gould charges Alban Butler, and other respectable writers, with moral dishonesty and historical untruthfulness, because they do not give all the details of the absurdities related of the saint. But to writers who consider these absurdities, *admiranda potius quam imitanda*, and who distinctly say so, we can imagine no obligation whatever of dwelling upon the details, as to which Mr. Baring Gould has let his imagination tamper with his "historical truthfulness," in a way which deserves, as we shall now show, the very serious charge of "moral dishonesty," to an extent to which the unfortunate readers of *Fraser* must have little dreamed.

We are not going through the whole story of St. Symeon, but we say confidently that Mr. Baring Gould's whole version of it is as full of profligate inaccuracy as any series of chapters in Mr. Froude's *History of England*. Mr. Baring Gould's main idea is embodied in the following words—"It is abundantly clear, from the testimony of his panegyrist, that Symeon's mad sanctity was put on to cloak a licentious life, and to enable him to carry on the most infamous of all traffics."³ We hope that these words are intelligible enough, without it being necessary for us to explain what the most infamous of all traffics means. To support the charge of personal licentiousness, Mr. Gould simply takes a few of the wild actions of the story, and leaves out the qualifications which the story itself presents. Symeon "pretends to kiss some girls," and Mr. Baring Gould leaves out the "pretends." He goes into the room of his master's wife, and "makes as if he would undress;" Mr. Gould translates the words in a way which we cannot transfer to our pages.

³ The italics are ours.

Here he certainly has the advantage of us. The misrepresentation of the author's words is not confined to passages which bear on immorality. A man gives Symeon some pulse and beans and peas to sell, Symeon gives them away, and eats some himself, having fasted for a week before. Mr. Baring Gould leaves out the giving away. According to him, Symeon "devoured the whole amount." So it is, we repeat, all through. Mr. Baring Gould's article is an indictment against the Church, and he asserts that Papal Infallibility "has thrown the mantle of Infallibility over the acts" of Symeon. The statement is entirely false, but we must suppose Mr. Baring Gould to believe it to be true. And then, when his readers ask "what acts?" Mr. Gould does not follow what he supposes to be the authenticated history, but garbles it and colours it and mutilates it. That is, he accuses the Church of sanctioning a certain story, and then tells the story in a falsified form.

We must reluctantly say just one word about the "most infamous of all traffics," as to which it is hardly possible to speak strongly enough in reprobation of the line in which Mr. Baring Gould has let his imagination run. He has read and written a good many lives of saints, and he can hardly have failed to come across many instances in which servants of God, who possess in high perfection the gift of personal purity—which in the Life before us, Symeon is said to have received miraculously after many struggles and much prayer—have endeavoured to save some of the miserable victims of vice by giving them the money which they might otherwise have to seek by following their degrading trade. The single foundation for the picture which Mr. Baring Gould has set before the public is the fact that Symeon had often abundance of money, and that he gave some of it to these poor creatures, as if for himself. "It is abundantly clear," Mr. Baring Gould tells us in one place—(in another he somewhat hesitates, and says, "It is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion")—"that he was made use of to carry on intrigues and exercise the most odious of professions." What is abundantly clear is that, notwithstanding all his efforts to make people think him a fool, he was regarded as a saint, and as the poor women in question were of the lowest character, it is absurd to suppose that the intervention of a man of reputed sanctity could have been thought necessary by any one inclined to carry on intrigues with them. Mr. Baring Gould must be credited with the entire responsibility of this disgusting fancy. A man who disbelieves in sanctity, miracles, and the like, might very possibly read the story as a record of Symeon's own viciousness; but the gratuitous imagination of the "infamous traffic" is the very sublimity of nastiness. There is, as we have said, absolutely no ground for it, except the fact that Symeon, an old man (Mr. Gould seems carefully to avoid the mention of his age), in high consideration for sanctity and miracles, was well supplied with money.

By this time, our readers will probably have had enough of Mr. Baring Gould, and will gladly excuse us from following him through the rest of his article on St. Symeon Salos, or through that on

St. Nicolas of Trani. With regard to this last saint, Mr. Baring Gould has sinned quite as grievously in the way of garbling, misrepresentation, and mutilation of the true narrative as with regard to St. Symeon Salos, but we do not conceive it to be our business either to follow him through the narrative, or to set up any theory of our own as to the acts of St. Nicolas. St. Nicolas was as odd in his day as St. Francis' Fra Ginepro in his, and we see nothing in his legend which this simple remark does not explain. We give a single example of the way in which the necessity of making a racy story, in the nastiest sense of the word, has pressed upon Mr. Baring Gould. A girl comes to Nicolas, prostrates herself before him, implores him to cut off her hair (as a religious), and let her follow him in his pilgrimage. He examines and instructs her, and then takes her into a church and performs the ceremony of "tonsure," cutting off her hair as St. Francis cut off St. Clare's. She goes away, puts on of her own accord the habit of a monk, and joins him as his companion; but she is soon recognized, and her parents pursue and seize her. She accuses Nicolas of having led her to do all this, but there is not a word of immorality laid to his charge. The authorities examine the case, and she confesses that the whole thing is her own doing. So Mr. Baring Gould finds the story. He tells it in a way quite in keeping with his imagination of the "infamous traffic." Nicolas, he says, "seduced this very pretty girl from her home"—and he adds further details, a word here and a word there, which make it a very bad and a very commonplace story indeed.

This must suffice for St. Nicolas of Trani. Let us hope that Mr. Baring Gould will either give up publishing *Lives of the Saints*, or give up contributing warmly-coloured fictions to *Fraser*. Or rather let us recommend him at once and absolutely to give up his work as a hagiologist. Up to this time, he has performed it, on the whole, very fairly indeed. His volumes are not all that might be wished, but they are much better than they might have been. But like the wild beast in the *Agamemnon*, *χρονίσθεις ἀπέδειξεν ἔθος τό πρόσθε τοκήνων*—he has found the vocation which suits him most naturally under the wing of Mr. Froude. If at present he is somewhat unskilful, if his touches of invention and his suggestions of unlovely and degrading motives and incidents are broad and coarse, and wanting in finish, he will improve, no doubt, under the guidance of such a master, and may, at some future day, continue the *History of England*—after the death of Elizabeth.





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